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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY were four at dinner that evening at the Smarts'. To Waring the meal was, after his solitary, ill-prepared repasts at Minmyo, nothing short of a revelation. The spotless cloth (such a cloth as he had not seen for months) shone in his eyes like driven snow: the silver Burmese bowl that did duty as a centre-piece glittered with all the splendour of a cloudless moon; and even the atrocious decorations perpetrated by the Indian servants, a magenta and orange pattern of sprinkled flower petals that sprawled across the table, failed to dissipate the glamour that had been cast for him over the whole dining-room. He took the Deputy-Commissioner's sister in, and, as the guest of the evening, found himself the somewhat embarrassed object of a good deal of kindly attention at the hands of his host and hostess. He was not long in perceiving that Heriot was already quite at home in the house, exhibiting a surprising readiness to be looked upon as a friend of the family, and, as such, to partially efface himself for the time being. Neither the Forest-Officer nor Smart spoke much; they were content to let the lion's share of the conversation go to Ethel, who had been apprised of her guest's peculiarities and did

her best to draw him out of his shell and interest him. It cannot be said that the conversation during dinner was intrinsically interesting or elevating; in Tatkin it never soared very high, and perhaps the Tatkinites were not altogether to blame, poor folk, for their poverty of topics. Englishmen in the East are often found fault with for caring nothing about what is going forward in their mother-country, and for thinking and talking of nothing but their own petty occupations and amusements; and the censure is too often justly deserved. Yet no one who has not lived up-country in India or Burmah can form an idea of the constant effort it is for those who, for six days out of the seven, are utterly cut off from the outside world, to keep alive an interest in matters that lie, be it ever so little, beyond their daily, mechanical round. A want of catholic sympathy with the affairs of mankind at large has been known to exist even in individuals who are brought in daily touch with the broader things of life; and it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that they should grow narrow and self-centred who are reminded but once in every week, by the English mail, that there is a living acting world outside the limits of their own little official one. It is with regret that I have to record that the talk at the

Smarts' dinner-table on the evening in question was lamentably provincial and ephemeral, and that not a subject was touched upon that would not have bored a stranger unacquainted with the speaker's circle; yet, after all, the defects of the new tennis-court and the question of organising a Tatkin "week" were topics as harmless, and possibly as instructive, as the majority of those that must, a few hours later, have engaged the attention of the enlightened guests at British dinner-tables.

The stream of conversation flowed on in the same strictly local channels after the cloth had been cleared and the three men were sitting smoking round the board, guiltless now of orange and magenta; while Ethel, who, by special request had not quitted them for the solitary drawing-room, was initiating her guests into the mysteries of coffee-making, with practical illustrations given with the aid of a block-tin coffee-pot.

"I always like making my own coffee," she explained, after the beverage had been brewed, and had found favour on the palate even of the fastidious Heriot. "These native servants are wonderfully clever," she added, "but there is one thing I find they cannot manage to do properly, and that is, to make coffee. They always put in too little coffee, and pour the water in too quickly. Lots of coffee and really boiling water poured on drop by drop,—that's the secret. My brother is very particular about his coffee, you know, so I always see to it myself."

"And send me out on expeditions with it," groaned Smart.

"What? Oh yes,—I suppose you have not heard, Mr. Waring. It was just as I was making coffee after dinner the other day that we heard about the big dacoity at— at——"

"Thayetbin," put in Smart.

"Thayetbin, was it? I dare say. Well, Jack wanted to be off after the dacoits immediately, and I was determined that he should not miss his coffee; so I filled his flask with some freshly made and slipped it into his pocket, just as he was jumping on to his pony. He was terribly cross about it when he came home."

"Naturally," said Smart blowing a long white cloud and knocking his ashes into his plate. "Mullintosh and I were out after the beasts the whole night. About four in the morning, when we were on our way home, I suddenly remembered my flask. 'By Jove,' said I, 'now for a nip to keep the cold out,' so out it came."

"The cold?" asked Heriot striking a match.

"The flask of course,—out it came, and I slowed down my pony, so as to have a good suck. Heavens! I can feel the shiver now that ran down my back at the first mouthful."

"It was much better for you than whiskey," laughed his sister.

"Infinitely," added Heriot who was lighting a cigarette. "Most thoughtful of you, Miss Smart, to prevent them coming home unduly elated. I remember now,—they captured a prisoner that night, and were horribly pleased with themselves when they got back. If that flask had contained whiskey, I'm sure they'd have been insufferable."

"You think so, do you?" said Smart. "Well I was insufferable enough, at the time, I can assure you. I wasn't happy till I had made Mullintosh, who was riding just behind me, take some."

"You never gave any to Mr. Mullintosh, Jack?" exclaimed the sister.

"I did, and you should have seen his face. 'What is this infernal filth?' he said spluttering. 'Cold

coffee,' I said. 'It's all my sister allows me.' 'God help you!' said he."

"You're romancing, my dear boy; you've never told me that before," exclaimed Ethel reddening suddenly at the last words. "I dare say he was disappointed, but I'm certain he said nothing of the kind."

"Of course he is romancing, Miss Smart," said Heriot. "I cannot conceive an individual so high-principled and refined as Mr. Mullintosh making use of so offensive an expression. I feel sure that what he said was more delicately-worded."

"Indeed it was not," chuckled Smart, in a way that seemed to Waring excessively irritating. "What's more, he wanted to administer doses of what was left to the prisoner we had got, till he told us who his companions were, but I wouldn't let him. I told him that, as Deputy-Commissioner, I was bound to set my face against the extortion of confessions by anything of the nature of torture."

"This is the first time I've heard this elaborate version of the story, Mr. Waring," pleaded Ethel, turning a somewhat flushed face to the new arrival from Minmyo. "I hope you won't believe all my brother says."

She seemed a good deal more put out at her brother's words than Waring would have expected her to be and he really felt quite sorry for her. "I certainly will not," he said. He was forced to admit that, with a heightened colour, his hostess was adorable, and for a moment he found it in his heart,—he knew not rightly why—to envy Heriot the hold he had so clearly gained on Ethel's fancy.

"I never do believe half your brother says. He is one of the most reckless perverters of the truth I've ever met," added Heriot; and, though he had not been addressed, his gratuitous assurance earned from Miss

Smart the guerdon of a sweeter smile than any that had been bestowed upon Waring.

"I always take coffee out in camp with me," said the latter solemnly, after a short pause during which the sight of Ethel's still perturbed face impressed him with a vague idea that it was desirable that the conversation should be changed. "It goes much better with tinned milk than tea, you know."

"I expect it does," observed Ethel; and it seemed to Waring in the impressive silence that followed that his remark had been rather inconsequent. However he had created a diversion and Ethel seemed grateful to him for it, which after all was the most important thing. "That was the time you got that man from Bo Chet's gang, wasn't it?" he continued.

"Yes," said Smart. "That is, we had every reason to believe that the dacoity was committed by Bo Chet's gang, though our prisoner never let on. Nobody but that lot would have had the impudence to do what the chaps at Thayetbin did."

"What was that?" asked Waring. "I haven't heard anything of the details of the case."

"Why, one of the jokers, a man whom the others called Shwe Myaing, seems to have prodded an old woman to death with a spear; more for the fun of hearing her squeal than anything else, so at any rate the headman of the village, whom they had tied up and who saw it all, said."

"Shwe Myaing!" exclaimed Waring, "I think I know the beggar, a lanky, ugly brute. I had him up for receiving stolen property last year, and gave him three months."

"I know," continued Smart; "it ought to have been six. I very nearly called for the case in revision. Well, he did for her any way, and before they decamped they shifted her body

into a squatting position in the corner of the dacoited house, shoved a big cheroot into her mouth, and left her with a cheeky note stuck between her fingers, scrawled in pencil and addressed to me, if you please."

"By Jove, what incarnate fiends they can be when they like!" ejaculated Waring.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ethel. "One can hardly believe that they are human, when one hears what they do when their blood is up. What did they say in the note, Jack? You've never told me."

"And I never intend to tell you, my child," returned Smart. "Come, shall we go into the drawing-room? It's cooler there."

So to the drawing-room they repaired, a comical little drawing-room, full of Japanese fans, China matting, and cane chairs tempered to the limbs of the tired polo-player by means of gay-coloured silk cushions. Here the punkahs swung with a more generous sweep, and here it was that, at Waring's earnest request, Ethel performed on the piano that had accompanied her from Rangoon, and rendered herself more than ever bewitching to the recluse from Minmyo. It was only a moderately good piano: it had not been tuned for some time and many gifted amateurs would have refused point-blank to sit down to it; but it was the first of its kind in Tatkin, and to Waring, who had a fair musical ear and could distinguish bad playing from good, it seemed to emit, under his hostess's small white hands, tones that were positively divine. The only instruments of music there had been in Tatkin on the occasion of his last visit were a banjo and a disreputable kind of hurdy-gurdy styled an Ariston, which, except as an incentive to manslaughter, failed utterly to justify its boldly superlative title; and in the intervals

between two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte* Miss Smart was diverted by a description of how Waring had spent the better part of the first day of one of his previous visits to headquarters in his bed-room, wheedling discordant sounds out of the vitals of the latter instrument till the Station called aloud for mercy.

"You must be fond of music, Mr. Waring," laughed Ethel, after the story had been retailed by Heriot from his seat in the verandah. "It takes a lot to make a musical-box go down."

"I'm very fond of it indeed," said Waring, "though I must confess that I know very little about it; and I must tell you that, as regards the musical-box, it was literally the first note of anything like English music that I had heard for months. I simply sat and drank the tunes in. Your playing now is a treat such as I haven't had for years."

"Well, I'm going to give you a good dose now," said the girl. "Would you like another of the *Lieder* or shall I play you something of Chopin?"

"Oh, another of the *Lieder*, please; as many more as you like. Do let's have the one with the little twiddle in the high notes—that's it I think—yes, the *Gondollied*. I don't read music, but I know the look of the pieces I like."

She played him the *Gondollied* and another and then another, and Waring would have liked to ask her for yet another, but he could see she was getting tired and restless; and some intuitive faculty, which he seemed to have developed in the last few hours, told him that, do what she would, and she strove to keep her attention fixed, it was with difficulty that Ethel could prevent her mind from wandering away from Mendelssohn and him to the verandah, where Heriot's tall, not

ungraceful, form lounged in a chair beside the Deputy-Commissioner. She gave something like a sigh of relief when eventually she led the way to the verandah. Waring seated himself beside his superior officer, and presently found himself wondering why it should concern him that an absurdly short space of time had elapsed before Ethel Smart and Heriot were absorbed in earnest conversation at some little distance from him. Smart reclined in a chair at his side, unbuttoned as to his waistcoat, at peace with himself and the world, and took the opportunity of improving the occasion by adding somewhat to the short sketch of the duties of a Treasury-Officer, which he had himself cut abruptly short in the earlier part of the day; but though Waring professed to listen, and, from time to time, as occasion and the pauses in his host's discourse offered, threw in a comprehensive grunt, his attention was centred on the couple at the further end of the verandah, who, seated close to each other, were deep in a low-voiced colloquy.

The night was far advanced when the two guests eventually rose to go, so advanced, in fact, that after the farewells had been spoken, and they were descending the verandah steps, Ethel Smart called out to Heriot: "You mustn't mind if I'm a little late to-morrow morning. We have been very dissipated to-night, and I may oversleep myself."

"I can wait," returned Heriot, and then he added; "in any case I shall be here by half-past six."

They were going out riding together the next morning. So much was clear, and, as Waring stalked homeward behind the sleepy lantern-bearer, he remembered and was able to endorse Mullintosh's words. Without doubt Heriot had "come out" since he had seen him last.

CHAPTER V.

DESPITE his dissipation at the Smarts', Waring was at the Treasury early on the following morning, and, as a reward for his zeal, was privileged, before he left again for the mess, with a sight of the riders returning from their morning canter. He was deep in dusty, damp-stained registers in the accountant's den, interrogating the meek nervous Eurasian, whose special domain he had invaded, when his attention was attracted by the sound of the Treasury guard turning out, and from his seat he observed Ethel Smart and her cavalier walking their ponies across the short cut that traversed the Court-house compound and led past the Treasury and the Military Police lines to the Deputy-Commissioner's bungalow. Ethel rode a few yards in advance of Heriot, erect and smiling on her Burman pony, clad in a serviceable habit of *khaki* drill, her little face, fanned to a sunny warmth by the crisp morning air, peeping out from under her neat white sun-helmet. Heriot, who had lighted the inevitable cigarette, brought up the rear in dignified silence on a well-shaped country-bred. The two passed the office door without noticing the industrious worker within, but halted a little further on. Waring heard Heriot addressing the *havildar*¹ of the guard and the *havildar* replying, and a moment later was aware of that functionary saluting before him, with the intimation that Hayet Sahib had sent *saalam*s. Picking up his hat he emerged from the office door, and found the riders seated on their ponies opposite the guard.

"Well, you are energetic, Mr. Waring!" cried the girl, as he appeared in the sunshine before them. "I would not believe Mr. Heriot when he said that it was your pony that

¹ A native sergeant.

was being led up and down outside, and that you were hard at work already."

"So we had a little bet on the subject," said Heriot, taking up the tale, "and we had you fetched out to see who was right. Well," he added, as Ethel put in an indignant disclaimer, "we also, I must admit, wanted your opinion in another little matter at which we are, I grieve to say, at variance. Miss Smart thinks her pony is going a little lame, and I think not. Do you consider there's anything the matter with it?"

"He has certainly got rather a funny action," said Waring, after watching the movements of the pony, a sullen-looking dun with a round restless eye, "but I doubt very much whether he is lame. Where did you get the beast from, Miss Smart? I seem to know the look of him. He's not your own, is he?"

"No, he's not mine; Captain Pym lent him to me. He's one of the Military Police ponies that the troopers ride when they play polo."

"Ah, now I know the beggar," said Waring. "I was pretty sure I'd seen him before. He's all right,—nothing the matter with him; it's only his action; I've noticed it before. But surely, Miss Smart, Captain Pym doesn't know you are riding this beast?"

"He said I might have one, and this is the one the *subadar*¹ sent round. Why shouldn't he know?"

"Well, so far as I recollect, this chap has a very bad name for bolting. When I was down here last he very nearly did for a military policeman. Yes, I'm pretty sure it was this one; I should recognise those hind legs anywhere."

"Why, he's been going beautifully, Mr. Waring," exclaimed the girl;

"he's been as quiet as a lamb, and as willing as can be. His paces are not all that can be desired, it is true, but I'm used to Burmans by this time, and it's only very seldom that one notices that curious kind of limp he has. In fact, I don't see how I can do better till I get a pony of my own, as I hope to do very shortly."

"There's no accounting for tempers; you may have got him on one of his good days," said Waring dubiously, dropping back into the shade of the Court-House. "Don't you know the beast, Heriot?"

"No," replied Heriot, watching a ring of smoke curl up against the red shingles of the Treasury roof. "I don't think it matters much," he added after a few reflective puffs, while Waring still looked askance at Ethel's mount and the girl bent to stroke the pony's bristly neck. "It'll only be for a day or two more at most, and after all he's got lots of room to stretch his legs in if he wants to," and he swept his chin round towards the wide expanse of open ground that lay behind and on two sides of the Station. "You're sure you're not mistaken about the brute?"

"Certain," asserted Waring.

Heriot gathered up his reins. "I'll lend you a pony to-morrow, Miss Smart," he said.

"I am not sure that I shall ride to-morrow," said Ethel. "In fact, now that I come to think of it, I'm sure I can't."

"Well, shall we say the day after? You must give me the pleasure of another ride," continued Heriot.

"Very well, but I'm not going to ride your pony. I'm going to ride this one."

"You had much better not, Miss Smart," put in Waring, but Miss Smart did not hear him. She was gazing full at Heriot. "I'm going to ride this one," she replied, "to

¹ A native captain.

show you you were wrong when you said I was nervous."

"Nervous! I accuse you of nervousness? Heaven forbid!"

"Yes, you did though. You said I was afraid to give him his head, so I'm going to ride him the day after to-morrow on a plain snaffle and let him have lots of rein."

Heriot gazed back at her, the dawn of a smile trembling under his moustache. "Very well, please yourself, Miss Smart," he made reply. "Let us hope you will have an opportunity of distinguishing yourself."

"Let us hope not," said Waring. The words were uttered under his breath, but it would have made no difference if they had been spoken aloud. Ethel had no ears for any one but Heriot, who with a "Well, Miss Smart, I suppose you are going to indulge in the luxury of a breakfast," roused his pony with a jog of his spur and led the way towards the Deputy-Commissioner's bungalow.

Waring watched the couple move on in silence. "I'll speak to Pym; he will know whether the brute is safe or not," he ejaculated mentally, as he returned slowly to his registers. He was presently to all appearance immersed in accounts, but, if the truth be told, it was some time before the vision of a well-favoured young woman, sitting blithe and radiant in the morning sunlight, ceased to hover before his mind's eye, to the no slight detriment of his official duties. And in the train of this vision came many thoughts. It seemed clear to him that, putting it on its lowest footing, Heriot was not indifferent to Ethel Smart, in view of which the placid disregard of her safety he had just exhibited appeared positively incomprehensible. It was not for him, he reflected, an uninterested spectator, to look with too critical an eye on his friend's conduct towards a girl who

doubtless admired him and was ready to put up with a good deal at his hands. It was not his place to condemn. Yet, while he made this admission, he could not deny himself the pleasure of imagining how much more solicitous his care would have been had he, and not Heriot, been the favoured mortal to whose escort Ethel had entrusted herself; and through all he felt that he would have given a very considerable sum to have a definite reply to a certain question he found himself putting with irksome iteration to an imaginary interlocutor. He was no more able that morning than he had been the day before to explain why Miss Smart should be the object of livelier interest to him than any other lady of his acquaintance; and he had not dreamed of speculating what he should think, say, or do, supposing he were to learn that the Forest-Officer did not, and never would, care a rap for the Deputy-Commissioner's sister. Still, for all that, the plaguey oft-recurring question, "Is he really as fond of her as she is of him?" tingled as persistently in his ears as though all his future course of action had to take its shape from the answer given.

The echo of the same question was still ringing through his brain as he sat, on the afternoon of the same day, under Mrs. Jones's wheezy *punkah*, awaiting in stolid patience the arrival of that lady in her drawing-room. He had been making a round, or more properly *the* round of calls, for a visit to one of the ladies of the Station meant, for the newcomer who had any regard for his peace of mind, a visit to all. Mrs. Sparrow and Miss Smart had not been at home, and, in his state of vague restlessness, he was only too glad to find that Mrs. Jones was ready and willing, when appropriately attired, to receive him. His gratitude, in fact, was such that he almost

forgave her the dreary quarter of an hour he was kept waiting in the little drawing-room, with nothing to do but to examine the portraits of Mrs. Jones's black-haired relatives and to listen to the rustle of raiment in the all too adjacent bed-room, where the dark little lady was adorning herself for the critical eye of her visitor. When she did at last emerge, wafted out on the wings of a marvellous semi-oriental mixture of perfumes, and stirring the moribund *punkah* with her shrill voice to renewed animation, she did not require much leading to drift into a discussion of the matter that lay nearest to Waring's heart, and to enlarge on it over her tea-tray till her hearer felt that the inquisitiveness that had led him to broach this particular subject had been nothing short of indecent.

"Dear me, yes; he is really very attentive to her,—and she,—oh any one can see it—she is positively devoted to him. A nice girl! Oh yes, very, quite charming, a particularly nice girl. You take sugar, don't you? I'm so sorry we have no lump-sugar. It's a great nuisance the boat being so late this week; we are expecting such a great lot of stores from Rangoon, but now they haven't come. Yes, she is really charming. Perhaps just a little tiny bit too fond of letting everybody know she is the Deputy-Commissioner's sister; but after all, she is so young that it is only natural, and I dare say she will get over it in time. You haven't noticed it, Mr. Waring? Well, I dare say not; you have not been long enough in the place to notice it, I expect. No, I will not say anything against her; she is nice and sweet, and we are the very best of friends. She has been to tea several times and we have got on very well; but now she sees so much of Mr. Heriot that she has no time to give to old friends. What do you

say? Engaged? Oh dear no, I do not think so, not yet; perhaps soon they will be, but I think it is too early yet. Besides, sometimes they do not see each other for several days; I know that, for, look, from my back verandah I can see nearly all that happens in the Smarts' bungalow and,—do you know?—up to yesterday Mr. Heriot had not been to the house for,—oh, for ever so long. Do eat some of these biscuits; I think you will like them. No, I am sure that they are not engaged, and of course it will depend upon Mr. Heriot whether they ever are. Yes, you are right, Mr. Waring, he will be very lucky to get her, for she is a nice girl and has always been a great friend of mine."

"So you really think she is fond of him?" said Waring.

"Oh, very,—I think she is devoted to him."

"And you think he is devoted to her?" he continued, inwardly disgusted with himself for being cursed with a restless curiosity that drove him to stoop to such crude interrogatories; for after all, as he asked himself again and again, why, in Heaven's name, should it matter to him whether Heriot did or did not have any affection for Ethel Smart?

Mrs. Jones indulged in a dubious shrug, and rolled her black eyes expressively. "I really don't think he knows whether he really cares for her or not," she said. "Sometimes he seems to like her very much, and then again at other times he seems to think nothing of her, and is as rude to her as he can be. Still, I think he is generally glad enough to be in her company, don't you?"

"He certainly seems so."

"Yes, and so long as he is with her, I really believe that he does not think it worth the trouble to consider whether he cares for her enough to marry her. Oh, you men are all the same!"

Mrs. Jones's view was certainly the one that would have appealed as correct to the ordinary observer of Heriot's conduct. Waring's knowledge of the Forest Officer's temperament was, however, more extensive than his hostess's. "I am not so sure of that," he said. "I have an idea that Mr. Heriot knows his own mind well enough."

"And you would very much like to know what that mind is, I have no doubt," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, roguishly. "Ah well, Mr. Waring, you mustn't break your heart if he does make up his mind and finds he does care for her."

And this delicate sally made Waring realise that for his ill-advised inquisitiveness he deserved even more than he had received at Mrs. Jones's hands.

It was not till late that evening that he heard that Pym, the Battalion-Commandant, had gone out in camp, not to return for several days, and that till then he could get no information about Ethel's pony except from the Military Police *subadar*. That same evening he learned that Miss Smart would be delighted if he would accompany her and Heriot on the ride they intended taking on the next morning but one. Why his presence was wanted, it was not given to him to understand, but, though at first he hesitated, he eventually accepted the invitation. Whether he were *de trop* or not, he could, he reflected, at any rate help to look after Ethel.

CHAPTER VI.

"WAIT till I get my lease renewed," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi, glaring after Mrs. Jones's white sun-hat, as it bobbed away briskly, amid a medley of bright head-coverings, down the central aisle of the bazaar. "Wait till I get my lease renewed, then, if

ever I sell her so much as an onion below the market-rate, may I die a violent death!"

Mrs. Jones had just finished her daily visitation, and the bazaar was beginning to breathe more freely, to feel for its cheroot, and to look about it a little.

The secret that enabled Mrs. Jones, despite the meagreness of Mr. Jones's pay, to preserve a financial equilibrium, and at times even to emerge at the end of a month with a few rupees on the credit side of her domestic account, was twofold. In the first place this excellent lady, like the good housewife that she was, made a point of rising every day at six and of personally visiting the bazaar, thereby acquiring an exhaustive knowledge of the actual market-price as opposed to the fancy-price that would have been charged her had she been content to leave her catering to a servant. In the second place she had discovered that there existed a rate, just a trifle lower than the market-rate, at which, as spouse of the police-officer in special charge of the bazaar, she could, by dint of judicious haggling, purchase what she wanted from the more submissive of the stall-holders. As a result of this combination of energy and shrewdness, she could (as she did) boast with truth that her daily expenses cost her on the average very little more than the difference between the amount Miss Smart paid for hers and the amount she would have had to pay had she been learned in market-rates and done her shopping herself. She had been fully justifying that vaunt on the morning following the day of Waring's visit to her, and Ma Tin Gyi, the occupier of the extremely popular fruit and vegetable stall at the corner by the entrance, had been learning this, not by any means for the first time, to her cost. She was an elderly lady, this Ma Tin Gyi,

whose ample body, clad in a loose dirty white jacket and a flaring petticoat of pink crossed tartan-wise with black, looked absurdly large below the face which surmounted it, a flat brown shiny face on which small-pox had left its baleful impress, a face all mouth, nostrils, and forehead with the sparse hair drawn tightly back from it and twisted aloft into a dumpy grizzled knot. She sat there, surrounded by her pumpkins and pummeloes, that morning and gazed with no very loving look after Mrs. Jones's retreating figure. She was really rather put out; but, with all the buoyancy of her race, she refused to brood for any length of time over her wrongs, and, as her eye caught that of a middle-aged Burman who had approached her stall, she incontinently displayed two rows of red betel-stained teeth and relieved her mind with a strident guffaw.

The newcomer lowered the two oil-tins he was carrying, slung at each end of a bamboo yoke, and, with an answering grin, being a man of few words, squatted silently down near the stall. He tucked in a stray end of the well-worn yellow silk headkerchief which hung down limply over one ear, and drawing from the folds of his waist-cloth the stump of a white cheroot, held out his hand for the cigar that Ma Tin Gyi had laid aside on the floor of the stall, the better to do battle with the Inspector's lady, and had now picked up again. It was almost out, and he had to blow on the ash for some little time before he could get a glow sufficient to light his own cheroot; but the business of kindling was finished at length, and the two, facing each other, puffed for a while in silence.

The woman was the first to speak. "She only gave me an anna for plantains, Ko Tu," she said, with a turn of her head in the direction in which Mrs. Jones had disappeared.

"For how many bunches?" asked Ko Tu, municipal water-carrier.

"Three."

Ko Tu clicked his tongue despondently. "*Amalè!*" he ejaculated and sucked more vigorously at his cheroot.

"How can I live," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi testily, "if I only get one anna for three bunches of plantains? Three bunches, and *nanthabus*, too!"

Ko Tu made no attempt to reply to a question which was manifestly unanswerable. "When does the lease of your stall expire?" he asked, going, like a wise man, to the root of the matter without delay.

"In Tabodwe; she knows it, and that's why she comes to me. Formerly she always bought her vegetables from Ma Kin,—everything save *brinjals*;¹ no one in the market has *brinjals* like mine; but Ma Kin has just had a renewal of her lease for a year and will not sell to her below the market-rate, so now she gets everything from me."

Ko Tu grunted sympathetically and watched while Ma Tin Gyi rummaged among her wares. After a little search she pulled out two plantains, which she solemnly handed to him and he as solemnly received and began eating.

Two tall Sikhs of the Military Police lounged up to the stall, in scarlet *puggree* and white undress, large-boned, handsome men with well-shaped faces and gleaming teeth. One of them wished to purchase a pumpkin, and for the next few minutes Ma Tin Gyi's energies were taken from her cheroot and devoted to haggling with the warrior, as he stood, weighing his purchase carefully in his hand, under a running fire of chaff from a brace of festive lance-corporals of the Battalion's Goorkha company, who were investing in

¹ A vegetable somewhat similar to that known in the West Indies as the egg-plant.

earthenware pots at an adjacent stall. The bargain was struck with the usual amount of good-humoured banter on each side and the Sikhs sauntered complacently onward, having got their pumpkin, be it said, at a price a fraction higher than that at which Mrs. Jones would have obtained it.

"Ah, these *kalas*,"¹ said Ma Tin Gyi with a compassionate shrug as she tossed the coppers into her lacquer-work betel-box and resumed her cheroot, "they are all the same; they hate parting with their *piee*." There was no rancour in her voice. The Military Police were her best customers and she was not afraid of them, for their domain lay outside the Magistrate's courts and they could tell no nasty tales when the question of the renewal of bazaar-leases came up before the Municipal Committee; yet she could not refrain from an allusion to that one of their weaknesses of which she had daily experience.

"They are better than the Civil Police, though," said Ko Tu, with his mouth full of plantain, and his memory of the last occasion on which the Town Sergeant had got him fined for a breach of the Opium Act.

"The Civil Police, I should think so! The Civil Police are worse than Bo Chet," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi, who also had painful recollections of her own. She broke off short, for one of that force in *khaki* jacket and striped red waistcloth had approached the stall, a round-faced young man with a thick neck and a few straggling black hairs on his upper lip. He was on duty in the bazaar that morning, a person to be looked to and conciliated.

"What are you eating?" he enquired cheerfully of Ko Tu, after a prodigious yawn and a rapid glance

round the bazaar to make sure that there was no superior officer near.

"Plantains," replied the laconic water-carrier, who had begun peeling his second.

The policeman hitched up his striped red cloth reflectively and squatted alongside of Ko Tu. The latter broke his second plantain in half and, without a word, handed one half to the guardian of the peace. Both munched in silence, stopping at intervals to show their teeth with a guttural laugh at some fresh witticism of the Goorkhas, who had passed on to Ma Tin Gyi's stall and were poking fun at the portly lady, while they selected their purchases.

"Where is Bo Chet now, Shwe Zin?" enquired Ma Tin Gyi of the constable when the Goorkhas had passed on chuckling, and she was free for another puff and a word or two of gossip.

"I do not know," said the policeman rather sullenly. "They say he is fed by Ko Waik of Thonzè."

"Why, there's a police-station on Thonzè," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi. "Why doesn't the Thonzè sergeant catch him and earn the Government reward?"

"The Thonzè sergeant is afraid," sneered Shwe Zin. "Is not Bo Chet's wife niece to Ko Waik? No one can do what displeases Ko Waik at Thonzè."

"His niece has been deported to Sagaing, all the same," laughed Ma Tin Gyi. The policeman made no reply.

"I hear Maun Shaung is very ill," put in Ko Tu, who had risen, and was slowly adjusting his water-tins.

"He is," said Shwe Zin.

"If he dies," said Ma Tin Gyi, "who will be Myothugyi of Thonzè? What do you think, Shwe Zin?"

Shwe Zin dug thoughtfully in the earth with the tip of his sword and

¹ Foreigners; anybody except a Siamese or a Chinaman is a *kala* to a Burman.

laughed. "Ko Waik is very powerful," he said. He was not going to commit himself.

"I have heard that Maung Myo wishes to be Myothugyi," said the woman. "If Maung Shaung dies, will he not tell the Government about Ko Waik and Bo Chet, and prevent his being appointed?"

"He cannot," said Shwe Zin. "He is not strong enough to hurt Ko Waik; Ko Waik has too much authority. Maung Myo has tried to injure him, but what is the good?"

"Yes, what is the good? You may throw a jujube-seed at Mount Myinmo, but it won't budge for that," said Ko Tu shouldering his tins. "But you are a Thonzè man, Shwe Zin; why don't you try and get the reward?"

Shwe Zin gazed sheepishly at the point of his sword. "I am afraid," he said naively, and Ko Tu ambled off laughing.

"What would you do with the reward if you got it, Shwe Zin?" enquired Ma Tin Gyi, arranging the *papayas*¹ on her stall to the best advantage.

"I should give a *pwè*,²" said Shwe Zin, "a *pwè* at Thonzè. I should get actors from Mandalay, as the Myook did when the Chief Commissioner came last Tawthalin. I am going back to Thonzè soon," he added.

"When?" asked Ma Tin Gyi.

"On the tenth waxing. My time at head-quarters will be up and I shall return, and perhaps, — who knows? — perhaps I shall catch Bo Chet. It will be a lovely *pwè*."

The stream of life flowing past the stall was bright and unceasing. The burly black-moustached Burman in a gorgeous pink silk *pahso*,³ at whose

approach Shwe Zin rose demurely to his feet, was the Myook, or Native Magistrate, on his way to a Municipal meeting. Not far behind the local magnate came one of the most influential of the Municipal Commissioners, Ah Shein, the proprietor of the one licensed liquor-shop in the town, a little shrivelled, bright-eyed Chinaman in a large-brimmed pith sun-hat and voluminous dark blue trousers. Yonder was a group of Shans from the Northern hills, gaping wide-eyed amid the bustle of the bazaar, and with them a Kachin or two fresh from the far-off jade-mines. There swaggered a Mussulman *havildar* of Military Police resplendent in a green velvet waistcoat laced with gold, hobnobbing with the *serang*, or boat-swain, of the Government steamer which was visible, through the bazaar-door, smoking under the high river-bank. A thin-lipped, sharp-featured Chittagonian was the latter, with a white conical open-work linen cap on his closely-shaved head and his neck swathed in a gaudy woollen comforter, for the morning air was crisp. A crowd of lascars from one of the river-steamers followed on the footsteps of the *serang*, and before they had fully passed Shwe Zin shot into the air again and saluted guiltily, for round the corner swung Mullintosh, the District-Superintendent of Police with a couple of Inspectors striding behind him and brought up at Ma Tin Gyi's stall.

"Well, Ma Gyi," he exclaimed, gazing big and rubicund at the old lady. "When will those cheroots be ready? Have you told that woman to hurry up with them?"

Ma Tin Gyi's hands went together, and she leered over the tips of her fingers at the District-Superintendent. She was one of the few native women in Tatkin who was not in her heart frightened of the Europeans. "They

¹ A kind of fruit.

² Any kind of show or entertainment, but usually of a theatrical kind.

³ A long scarf worn round the waist with something of the effect of a kilt.

will be ready to-morrow, *Thakin*," she answered. "They would have been ready by this time, only Ma Chin has not been able to help. She is the best cigar-roller in the village."

"Who is Ma Chin? Why can't she help? Has she got fever?"

"She has gone to Sagaing, *Thakin*."

"The devil she has! What for?"

"In accordance with the orders of Government," said Ma Tin Gyi, delivering herself of the *Government* with great unction. "She went with the other relations of Bo Chet."

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Mullintosh disgustedly. "Why didn't you tell me that before, Ma Gyi? I should never have sent up her name for deportation to Sagaing if I had known. How is she related to Bo Chet?"

He addressed the senior Inspector, who referred to his junior, who in his turn asked the question of Shwe Zin, who replied that the lady alluded to was daughter of Bo Chet's elder sister, and was promptly called a jungle-dog by his superior officer for standing on one leg while replying. It was a sad fact that Shwe Zin had not profited

as much as he should have by his course of training at headquarters.

"Make a note of her name, Po Thet," said Mullintosh to the senior Inspector. "We must remember to get her back as soon as we can. There will be no difficulty. We are not going to lose the best cigar-roller in Tatkin if I can help it. Mind, Ma Gyi, I must have those cheroots to-morrow." And he swept off to the police-station as rapidly as he had come, with the Inspector ever bustling behind him.

"I never knew Ma Chin was a good cigar-roller," observed Shwe Zin, when Mullintosh and his myrmidons had disappeared, and he could re-seat himself with impunity and nibble at another of Ma Tin Gyi's plantains.

"No more she is," returned the vendor of garden-produce, with a suspicion of contempt in her voice for the policeman's obtuseness. "She is a very poor workwoman, but I want her back in Tatkin. She owes me four annas for tomatoes and she was deported before she could pay. I shall make her give me eight annas, when she comes back, for this."

(To be continued.)

DISCIPLINE IN THE OLD NAVY.

At a time when the discipline of our modern Navy is being much discussed and often not very fairly criticised, it may be interesting to go back to the past, to our old Navy of the American and Revolutionary Wars, and view discipline as it was then. For such a study we have an immense mass of material in the minutes of past courts-martial, which are now preserved in the Record Office. Fortunately these inestimable documents did not share in the catastrophes which overtook so many of the Admiralty papers in the early and middle years of this century. Many records were then stored at Deptford and sold or burned as waste paper. A reaction has followed, and now all that is of interest or value (and a little that is neither) is guarded with scrupulous care at the Record Office. On the history of our Navy alone during the period I have mentioned there is a terrifying collection of documents which had been scarcely drawn upon before the recent researches of Professor Laughton and Mr. Oppenheim.

In the COURTS-MARTIAL is to be found perhaps the most vivid picture of life in the Navy outside the pages of Smollett and Marryat, with the advantage that we have truth instead of fiction. These records have been called the NEWGATE CALENDAR of the Navy, but this name does not suggest the fact. For the NEWGATE CALENDAR is a clumsy inartistic compilation, in which we have not the actual evidence, and in which the touches of life and local colour are usually lost. In the COURTS-MARTIAL we have minutes

of the evidence, the written defence of prisoners, and all the detail which interests. We see the seamen sitting smoking round the galley-fire or crowding round the beer-cask in the gangway, the wardroom officers pelting each other with potato-skins or playing practical jokes on the purser, who does not seem to have been a popular personage; we learn where lights burned at night, where sentries stood, what the men ate and drank, how they fought; and to relieve the gloom of what is largely a record of crime we have gallant touches, as of the lieutenant horribly burned in the explosion on board the *Serapis* in her famous fight with Paul Jones's ship, who leaped overboard in his agony, swam back to his ship, and returned to his quarters.

The picture has its sinister side emphasised of course. Here, on the one side, are records of mutinies, of the murder of officers (though this fortunately was rare), and of men striking officers, and on the other of savage punishments. There is a combined laxity and severity which cannot but a little surprise those who have sailed in a modern man-of-war. Things are permitted which now would be impossible, while offences seemingly small are visited with ruthless severity. We so frequently find women on board ships that their presence excites no comment.¹ The boatswain's wife of the *Hermione*, whose crew mutinied and killed their officers, was on board

¹ "I have known 350 women sup and sleep on board on a Sunday evening (in port)." Captain Thompson's *LETTERS OF A SAILOR*, 1767.

in 1797; the master-at-arms' wife lived in the *Defiance*; in the American War there are occasional notices of white, and even black women on board. Captains took their wives with them to sea very frequently, though St. Vincent and Nelson discouraged the practice and did all they could to stop it. It was not forbidden till 1828, when Admiral Lord Beaulieu came out in a frigate to hoist his flag on the Lisbon station in the Windsor Castle. The captain of this ship had his wife with him, and she was occupying the Admiral's quarters; he had made a signal that there was no room; but, says Captain Pasco, the Admiral soon made room by signalling to the Windsor Castle to land passengers. When officers were absent sometimes as long as ten years from home there was some excuse for such a custom, though its grave inconveniences must be manifest.

That discipline was often very slack, especially in the early years of the Revolutionary War, may be seen from other authorities. Sir William Parker tells us of a flag-ship where barrels of powder and strings of match were left lying about in a store-room, and not guarded under lock and key in the magazine. An officer of the *Ruby* in 1795 was tried for sleeping on watch. It appears that it was a habit in this ship for the officer of the watch to have a chair brought on deck and to sleep in it, so much so that the captain had been compelled to issue a special order forbidding the practice. In 1797 the crew of the *Rattlesnake*, among other charges against their officers, mention that there never was an officer on deck at night, and this though the ship was at sea. Such things would cause amazement in our modern Navy where a chair is never seen on deck. "I very much doubt whether there is an officer upon deck in any of His Majesty's ships at

Spithead, Cawsand Bay, in the Downs, Yarmouth Roads, or at the Nore," wrote St. Vincent in 1806, "while a vigilance is observed on board the French ships at Rochefort, Lorient and probably in Brest. . . . which surpasses anything I ever heard of." In the present day watch is always kept in harbour by a lieutenant in large ships. The views of outsiders are always interesting; we find Captain Jurien, father of the distinguished French Admiral, who was taken prisoner in 1803, telling us that the British discipline was bad, and that the British prize crew plundered the prize, though this by the Articles of War was a grave offence. The value of his evidence may be doubted; but the letters of Collingwood, Saumarez, and St. Vincent show beyond question that there were many weak and slack captains in the Navy, who could not preserve proper order. It is on such men that Pellew, Parker, and St. Vincent lay no little of the blame for the terrible mutinies which disgraced the fleet during 1797 and subsequent years.

Much is said about the cruelty of flogging in the present Navy, though in fact the real flogging with the cat-of-nine-tails is unknown on shipboard and only boys are corporally punished, not more than twenty-four cuts with the birch being permitted. Emotional people outside the Navy have made this into a grievance, though complaints do not come from the Navy itself. Nothing which degrades the fighting man should be tolerated in a soundly organised military force, but it is absurd to pretend that the present punishments do degrade. On the other hand, where violence is used to a superior officer sharp punishment is required. The offence of striking an officer is becoming too common, and it may be questioned if the present penalties are sufficient.

In the old Navy the flogging of grown men with the cat was more common than is the caning of boys, with six or a dozen strokes, to-day. The discipline was essentially brutal and savage, as it was an age of savage punishments, yet some offences such as theft and forgery were more lightly visited afloat than on shore. Allowance must be made for the peculiar difficulties of war, and for the dangerous and mutinous condition of too many of the crews. In time of war, when every hand may be wanted, men cannot very well be imprisoned in the ship; much less could they, in the prevailing scarcity of food for powder, be sent ashore for long terms of penal servitude. Hence corporal punishment was more justifiable than might at first sight appear.

Flogging was an old-established custom, and it is noteworthy that at the great mutinies, at Spithead, Plymouth, and the Cape, the men did not protest against it, and even inflicted it themselves upon ill-behaved members of the mutinous crews; at the Nore, where the mutineers went further, there were suggestions that this form of punishment should be less used. There were two kinds of flogging, by the captain's order, and by sentence of court-martial.

By the RULES OF DISCIPLINE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT TO BE OBSERVED ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR, dated 1730, no captain could inflict more than twelve lashes. But this had been modified by the time of the American War, and captains were then in the habit of awarding up to forty-eight lashes. The offences thus punished were drunkenness, theft, insubordination, malingering, and slackness in performing duty. The sentences and the number of punishments varied greatly with various captains, and there was an old saying, "as many captains, so many navies."

Thus seamen had a real grievance, for what was tolerated in one ship might be severely punished in another. This irregularity and capriciousness were bad in every way. The captain was omnipotent; complaints, as the COURTS-MARTIAL show, were rarely successful, and only too often drew down upon those who made them yet severer penalties. Deaths from flogging by the captain were not unknown. A man in the *Theseus* was severely and repeatedly punished till at last he could not walk. He was, however, brought on deck in this weak condition, laid upon a gun, as he could not stand, and again flogged. He died almost immediately afterwards, and being buried on shore, an inquest was held and a verdict of wilful murder returned. The captain does not seem to have suffered, and the ship's surgeon swore that the case appeared so lenient that his attendance was not required.¹ "To see men lose their lives for petty matters, this is a thing God will reckon for," said Cromwell, but our country had forgotten his saying.

How frequent were these floggings can be proved by an examination of ships' logs. Some captains hated them. Collingwood said of an officer who was famous for his flogging tendencies: "The conduct which is imputed to him has always met my decided reprobation, as being big with the most dangerous consequences and subversive of all discipline." His dislike of corporal punishment, we read in his CORRESPONDENCE, grew daily stronger, and in the latter part of his life more than a year would often pass without his resorting to it. Saumarez tried kindness with success, and, though firm as a disciplinarian, rarely punished. "We may confidently assert," says his biographer Ross, "that had all the ships in His

¹ ANNUAL REGISTER, 1805, p. 426.

Majesty's service been commanded by such officers as Saumarez, the disgraceful spirit of insubordination would never have been so seriously and generally diffused." But he owns that there may have been ships, "wherein the crews were made up from the metropolitan and other prisons, that no treatment would have brought under proper discipline."

When a man was flogged by the captain, he was tied up to the gratings, which were in action placed over the hatchways, but which were at other times kept in the gangways, or narrow passages on each side of the ship from the quarter-deck to the forecastle. He was stripped to the waist: the crew were turned up to witness his punishment; and then the lashes were laid on by the boatswain's mate, a big and strong man. There were two kinds of cat, a special one which inflicted severer torture being used for thieves. Occasionally brutal captains pickled the cat in salt, but such practices were reprobated and censured. Eyewitnesses of floggings, of whom there are still many to be found in the Navy, tell us that the blows very soon drew blood.

Baron Ompteda, a Colonel of the King's German Legion, has left us a curious picture of discipline on board one of our smaller ships in 1809. He says in his letters:

A rapid alteration of sails [change of tack] became necessary. The Lieutenant [in command of the ship] sent the requisite number of men twice up the rigging, and either by want of skill or ill-humour the manœuvre was badly executed. . . . Now he went aloft himself to superintend. He came down in great wrath, and desired to know the names of those who were in fault. No one wanted to give them. "Very well," said he, "if nobody is to blame, you are all to blame, and I'll treat you accordingly." And he had them all on deck, one after the other, and treated each to three dozen

with a rope's end [cat?]. . . . In one of the battalion journals the remark is found relative to the effect of this punishment: "Twelve lashes on board ship are equal to one hundred and fifty lashes in the army, on account of the thicker rope and stronger arm."

Here then we have something like half the crew flogged. Thiébauld, a careful observer, on his passage to France from Portugal in a British ship, the *Fylla*, gives a similar picture.

As for the discipline, it was severe to the point of cruelty. The least fault was punished with lashes of the cat, which drew blood from those who suffered. The morning was dedicated to these punishments, and as there was never a day which was not marked by three or four of these executions, I was tortured on waking by the shrieks of the unhappy culprits. . . . I complained to Captain Rodney who ordered that the infliction of punishment should be delayed till my disembarkation; and when I left the *Fylla* there were more than seventy floggings to be divided among the crew, composed of one hundred and forty men."¹

It is probable that he exaggerated the number of punishments, for in no ships' logs have I found any instance of such numerous floggings in so short a time. The crew of the *Impetueux*, Captain Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), complained to Admiral Lord Bridport because seamen had been punished to the tune of forty-nine dozen in the few days between leaving Cawsand Bay and arriving at Berehaven in 1799; "We never deserved," they said, "the barbarous treatment we now experience." The crew was a very mutinous one, but forty-nine dozen divided among some six hundred is nothing like the number of floggings reported by Thiébauld, and it is difficult to suppose that such severity would have left no trace of complaint. Taking

¹ MÉMOIRES, iv., 219.

Collingwood's ship in 1793 for an example of a mild captain, twelve men were flogged to the amount of eight dozen lashes in five months.

The floggings by captains were terrible enough in all conscience; but what shall we say of the far more dreadful flogging round the fleet inflicted by courts-martial? For here the limit to the number of lashes was only the endurance of the human frame, and in the opinion of Captain Marryat the punishment was worse than death itself. The sentence was pronounced in these words: "We adjudge him to be punished by receiving — lashes on his bare back, with a cat of nine tails, alongside such of His Majesty's ships at such time and in such proportions as the Commander-in-Chief shall think fit to direct." The prisoner was towed in a boat from one ship to another, and flogged beside each, the whole crew being sent up the rigging to witness his punishment. The captain of the ship alongside which the man was flogged saw that the blows were laid on with vigour, and there is an incidental mention in the COURTS-MARTIAL of a case where four blows were ordered not to be counted, because not given hard enough. The heaviest sentence which I have been able to discover is one of five hundred lashes. For instance the ringleaders in a conspiracy to seize the *Volage*, Captain Parker, and murder her officers, a conspiracy on which, strangely enough, the voluminous life of Admiral Parker is silent, were sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. For threatening to brain a midshipman with a round-shot, a seaman of the *Fortitude* received the same sentence in 1795 from a court-martial of which Nelson was a member. For complaining of their captain's ill-treatment, a number of seamen of the *Shark* were thus punished in 1778. Sentences of

from three to one hundred lashes are quite common, the offences for which they are awarded being mutiny, desertion, or theft. When we read the horrible descriptions of the effect which a comparatively few lashes produced, we shall wonder that men could suffer such sentences and live. "A man," says Marryat in *THE KING'S OWN*, "who has undergone this sentence is generally broken down in constitution, if not in spirits, for the remainder of his life." Certainly Napoleon was wiser and more humane in setting his face resolutely against such cruelties. He shot his insubordinate men, but he did not torture them. The punishment of flogging round the fleet has fortunately long been obsolete; with our present class of seamen, who are the pick and not the scum of the nation, it is absolutely unnecessary. The last instance of it was at Malta sixty years or so ago, but then the number of lashes inflicted was only forty-eight.

Some strange tragedies lie hidden in these dusty pages. There is an appeal for mercy written by some young seamen, who had mutinied for their wages, on being ordered to the West Indies, which, as we read it now more than a hundred years later, starts up in accusing condemnation of the shameful mismanagement that made such a mutiny possible. There is a sad case of a quartermaster of the *Surprise*, tried for seditious language and sentenced to one hundred and thirty lashes. He went to see a man who lay dying of yellow fever in his hammock, and who complained to him of being ill-treated by the officers. He had been beat, he said, by Mr. Lindsay, the master's mate, undeservedly; he had been kept in irons and laid on the cold deck; it had broken his heart, and he considered himself a murdered man. "You see," he said, "a poor West Countryman

cut down." He died in the evening and the quartermaster came to the body and saw the people crowding round it. A boatswain's mate ordered all away, but the quartermaster delayed a minute. "Poor fellow," were his words, "he said that he was murdered. The Lord in heaven knows best whether he was murdered or no." Silence fell upon the crowd of men jostling in the dim light between decks, and the quartermaster was ordered aft and arrested. He had an excellent character, but it did not save him.

The penalty of death was usually inflicted for mutiny, murder, or striking an officer. A curious case is that of Midshipman Machell of the *Sandwich*, tried for attempting to kill a lieutenant. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, but recommended to mercy owing to his youth. It appears that he was of unsound mind, and had been forced into the Navy, which he hated. Another midshipman who was sentenced to death and executed was William Kirk of the *Alexander*, who murdered his mother, a bumboat-woman. She persisted in coming on board the ship, in which her son was a petty officer, and selling her goods. He killed her, after remonstrances, in a moment of passion. This curious case at least shows the low class of some of our officers in the American War. The punishment of imprisonment, usually in the *Marshalsea* when the case was tried in England, does not appear till the later years of the eighteenth century.

Besides these regularly authorised punishments there were others which do not appear in the *RULES OF DISCIPLINE* or *ARTICLES OF WAR*, but which were countenanced in some instances as the custom of the service. Such was "starting" or the use by lieutenants, midshipmen, and boatswains of ropes' ends and canes to beat the men with, if they were slack in

performing duty. There was trouble only if the cane was thicker than the little finger. Again and again we find seamen beaten in this manner, and there are one or two instances in which death resulted. In one case a lieutenant is dismissed the service for beating a seaman savagely on the bare back, with a two-and-a-half inch rope thirty inches long and whipped at the end, giving him more than two dozen blows. This ruffian complicated his offence by knocking down another man four or five times with his fists, and then rope's-ending him. The men of the *Diadem* complain that their officers beat them incessantly with sticks and canes. In innumerable cases this cruel practice led to mutiny, mutinous words, or striking of officers, with the attendant results, a court-martial, and a sentence of flogging round the fleet or death. Nevertheless it was sometimes perhaps necessary, as a story in *Ross's Life of Saumarez* shows. Captain Caulfield, of the *Grampus*, had given positive orders that no boatswain's mate or other petty officer should carry a cane, the usual emblem of their authority. The *Grampus* was at anchor and the Captain addressing the crew, when the sentinel on the fore-castle called out that a prize was driving towards the ship.

The master, who sprang forward, called aloud, "Veer away the small bower-cable or she will be on board of us!" The pause which had been made in the captain's speech was broken by orders from him to veer away the cable quickly. "Down, my lads, veer away!" was repeated by every officer; but the men, not aware of the fatal consequence, and knowing they could not, after what the captain said, he *started*, moved very leisurely to perform the duty, which, to save the ship, it was absolutely necessary should be done with the utmost alacrity. To save the ship the captain shouted to the officers to start the men. But they had no canes! He solved the problem himself by leaping

down among the men, and with the end of the thickest rope he could find became the transgressor of his own laws, of the absurdity of which he was now fully convinced.

Many instances of arbitrary and illegal punishment are to be found. Tying a man up to the rigging appears once or twice as a cause of complaint. Making a man "ride the spanker-boom sitting on a wet swab," tying a seaman's hands, extended, to a boatswain's handspike laid across the back, to each end of which a twelve-pound shot had been fastened, tying two men up to the rigging by their left hands, and compelling them to beat each other with a one-and-a-half inch rope in the right, are some of the curious punishments which occur. The three last were employed by the master of the *Rattlesnake*, who was dismissed the service in consequence. Probably his conduct would not have been so severely visited, at least if we may judge from other instances, had not the dangerous mutiny at the Cape, where the *Rattlesnake* was stationed, compelled some tenderness to the seamen's grievances. A horrible case occurred late in the French War, when a captain deliberately burnt a negro with hot irons. There are indeed signs of a deterioration in the Navy towards the close of the war, the officers growing more tyrannical and the men more sullen, more prone to desert, and of an inferior class. In this may lie one of the explanations of the series of disastrous defeats in the American War of 1812. Tyranny was not properly punished, and a Captain Lake, who marooned a seaman on a small desolate rock for the crime of theft, was almost the only example of a captain who was dismissed the service and not reinstated.¹ In

earlier days a Captain Mackenzie blew a marine from a gun on the West Coast of Africa, for attempting to bore through the ship's bottom, and received a royal pardon. As this promising officer was also charged with piracy and making away with stores, some doubt may naturally be felt as to the truth of the plausible tale he told.¹

How far these acts of tyranny and undue severity, which appear in the COURTS-MARTIAL, were general is a matter on which two views can be held. But for one case tried there were probably half a dozen equally bad of which nothing was heard. There were many very young officers, and many officers of a very doubtful class, in command all through the American and French Wars; and if there were only a few ships in which there was constant tyranny and oppression, the case was bad enough. The figures for desertion in the Navy during the American War show pretty clearly the opinion of the seamen as to their life. There were 176,400 men raised for the Navy between 1774 and 1780 inclusive. Of these in the years 1776-80, 1,243 were killed in battle, 18,545 died of sickness, due in no small degree to the abominable badness of the food, and 42,069 deserted.² That is to say, one out of every four men raised ran from the service. It is impossible to explain this grim fact away by the attractions of America. Nelson attributed it in part to mismanagement, which he justly stigmatised as "infernal"; others will consider that bad food and excessively severe discipline were contributory, if not principal, causes.

No doubt the seaman was in those days a very difficult character to

¹ ANNUAL REGISTER, 1784, p. 204-46.

² Campbell's LIVES OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALS, vii., 18.

¹ THE NAVAL CHRONICLE, xxvi., 416.

handle. Having starved the fleet in time of peace, we employed a conscription of the rudest and most imperfect kind which, as Napoleon noted with a touch of scorn, spared the gentlemen and took the *canaille*, to fill its depleted ranks in time of war. The seaman taken in this way served unwillingly, and had a grievance in that others were left when he was impressed. He was not habituated to strict discipline, and had not, like our modern Blue-jacket, been bred up to it. Brave, hardy, and patriotic he was, no doubt, at the bottom, as he proved on countless occasions, and it is notable that the innumerable volumes of COURTS-MARTIAL contain not a complaint of cowardice against the men; but he was intemperate in his habits, encouraged in his intemperance by the methods of pay then in vogue, a grumbler by nature, and always disposed to mutiny on provocation. On the top of this class of man were poured the scourings of English jails, miscreants of every description, to use Collingwood's words, thieves, poachers, houghers of Irish cattle, and men of ability who had fallen in the world. Finally an infusion of foreigners was stirred in, among whom were sometimes to be counted men of the nations with which we were at war. Thus, in the Cullo-den, in 1779, there were American prisoners from Halifax jail and a French quarter-gunner. Thiébauld notices that a good many French men were serving in the Fylla. In the Hermione's crew, who mutinied and murdered their officers, there were many Frenchmen, or it is said so. Collingwood had in his ship's company, "some of all the states in Germany,—Austrians, Poles, Croats, and Hungarians—a motley tribe!"

and in the lists of the slain and wounded at Trafalgar are many foreign names. The essentially patriotic and law-abiding nature of the British sailor may explain why so many mutinies came to nothing when the men seemingly were having things all their own way. It was not until Jacobin and Irish secret societies had honeycombed our Navy, that seamen thought of murdering their officers and handing over their ships to enemies.

We have heard much of the material progress of the Navy in the last year, but the immense moral progress has been hardly noticed. Yet what an advance there has been since the French War! The brutal, tyrannical officer has gone, or if he still exists in rare instances, as a concession to weak human nature, his power of doing evil is carefully circumscribed. The drunken, brutal, illiterate seaman, who stood up so gallantly to the hail of splinters and the broadside of round-shot, has given way to a race of men, having their faults no doubt, but still zealous, obedient, temperate, and well-educated. If the feats of our old seamen fill us with admiration as at a valour that almost passes the human, what shall we not expect from these men of to-day, these children of the sea, so justly and so tenderly loved by the nation? And, expecting all things, we should be ready to give all things in reason, to remedy the real grievances which exist, not so much in the direction of discipline as in that of food and pay, if not on the sentimental ground that men who sacrifice much for the country deserve much, on the practical ground that a contented Navy fights the best.

H. W. WILSON.

AN ETON TUTOR.

A good many years ago,—it must have been about the time of the Crimean war, in fact—two small boys were conversing at a private school. One of them was shortly moving on to the greater world of Eton, and had recently gone there to be introduced to his future tutor, Johnson by name. The other was naturally curious to know what his friend thought of the man to whose direction he was soon to be committed. "Well," said the elder, "he is what, I suppose, would be called rather a forbidding man." A year or two later the younger boy followed, and had an opportunity of verifying his friend's first impression. Not being himself Mr. Johnson's pupil, it was some time before he was brought much into contact with him; but a master's character and idiosyncrasies are the common property of the school, and it was easy to recognise that Billy Johnson, as he was universally called by at least the junior and less reverent portion of it, was likely to be somewhat alarming to a young boy on first presentation to him. His extreme short sight, odd, brusque enunciation, and abrupt turns of phrase (the last, we fancy, acquired from his own tutor Cookesley) were certainly at first a little disconcerting. Still, he was certainly by no means an unpopular master. We admired his fine scholarship; he was not very severe, and if, as was believed, he maintained discipline in his division by the use of a small classical text for the purposes of a missile, it was accepted as part of his general unconventionality.

As one went up the school and came

under him, one could perceive that his freedom from conventions made him, for those who cared to learn, a more stimulating teacher than any they had yet had to do with. He was certainly more alive than any of his colleagues to the necessity of looking beyond and beside the regular curriculum, if the most was to be made of the youthful intelligence. He had read widely; history, politics, literature, and in some measure science and art, all engaged his attention. Of course his own pupils mainly got the benefit of his wide range of interests. He encouraged them to enquire and discuss. The House Debating-Society is nowadays a common institution at Eton, as at other public schools; but forty years ago Johnson's *Mercurial* (as it was his fancy to call it) was unique in the school and an object of some wonder to the few outside who knew of its existence. He himself took part in the debates. "I suppose no one at a school" he writes, "has ever carried so far as I have the principles of toleration and *isegoria*. I have for years presided at debating-societies, and taken my chance of being cut up, by speaking *before* the boys." It is not perhaps wholly fortuitous that the youngest Prime Minister since the Reform Bill should have come from his pupil-room.

In literature he was not a student only; he was himself a poet, of scanty production indeed, but, as one learned when one grew old enough to appreciate such things, of unusual grace and refinement. Nowhere else, to use a phrase of his own, have the English

and the Greek minds flowed together in so intimate a union; and more boys than one have gained from *IONICA* their first inkling that the old *POETÆ GRÆCI* was an anthology gathered among the finest flowers of the finest literature of the world. The title-page of *IONICA* has never borne a name; but its authorship is, and always was, an open secret; and it was not without amusement that the division once heard Johnson direct a boy to go to his study and bring a thin green book which he would find in such a place, proceeding, when the book arrived, to quote from it in illustration of some point in the lesson, and prefacing the extract with, "You hear what this gentleman says."

These reminiscences are called up by the sight of a modest volume recently printed at the instance of a small number of Johnson's old colleagues and pupils under the title of *EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF WILLIAM CORY*, this being the name borne by him during the last twenty years of his life. It gives a curious picture of a scholarly and acute intellect, nourished with wide learning, and capable on occasion of expressing itself with force and precision, but hampered on the one hand by physical disabilities and on the other by a temperament at once sensitive, fastidious, and impatient. In a nature thus compounded there could hardly help being a touch of the morbid; and the reader of these letters and journals will not fail to mark the occurrence now and again of this trait. But on this there is no need to dwell. It is better to draw attention to some of the characteristics which made Cory a kind of Gamaliel to many school-generations of intelligent boys, some of whom have since attained distinction in more than one career.

One naturally turns first to his views on teaching, the main business of his life. At Cambridge, though, owing to the odd rule which then barred the Tripos to King's College, he was unable to measure himself squarely with his contemporaries, he was pretty certainly the best scholar of his year; and from Cambridge he went straight to Eton, which he had left three and a half years before, and was set, after the fashion of those days, to teach ninety fourth-form boys. "I have been an usher seven weeks," he writes. "Sometimes I get encouragement in school, observing eagerness and inquisitiveness in some of the young people's faces. . . . On cold mornings when they are dispirited, discontented, and dull, I pity them, and I also pity myself. . . . They force me to quarrel with them, though I believe they would really like to live in peace and on terms of amity. Nature never intended me for a disciplinarian, much less for a martinet." Five years later he is lamenting over the idleness and frivolity of his fifth-form pupils; but he is beginning to interest some of them in subjects outside the purely literary school-work, in the air-pump, microscope, electric machine, and so on: "This brings out intelligence in half-a-dozen boys who cannot write poetry, and it supplies phenomena for a dozen more who can." Incidentally too, it may be noted, we have here an instance of the benefit which an Eton master derives from the tutorial system. At schools where this does not exist, a master's only chance of coming into intellectual contact with the boys is that afforded by his work in form. Where promotion is slow, it may well happen that a man of culture and intelligence is kept for ten years passing successive detachments of little boys through the mill of Cæsar and Xenophon. Do what he will,

they are lost to his field of view before he has an opportunity of "seeing the travail of his soul," for the intellectual growth that can be made in one school-term is even less perceptible to the eye than the physical. For ever filling vessels of limited capacity, what inducement has he to enlarge the supply in his own reservoirs? No wonder that such a man, as he advances towards middle life, finds that the once keen edge of his mind is becoming dulled with monotony. The Eton tutor on the other hand not only has the interest of watching and guiding the development of his pupils from childhood to adolescence, with a spice of competition as an additional stimulus; he has also direct motive for keeping his wits bright and widening his interests, that he may ever be ready with fresh fare to sharpen and satisfy the appetite of the growing intelligences.

It was not that Johnson needed this stimulus. He could see merit even in a fourth-form boy; and early in his career would even contrast them favourably with his own pupils higher in the school. Later on, however, we think that his pupils absorbed the greater portion of his interest. He has been called an ideal teacher; but an ideal form-master he certainly was not, as may be inferred from what has been already said. His short sight alone would have prevented this; he himself laments that it prevented him from "recognising the lads in the streets," so that it was difficult to keep up an acquaintance begun only in the school-room. Yet he was not unmindful of boys with whom he came into this contact only, as a kind word of advice or approbation would now and then show. A boy, who had left his division for nearly a year, had been invited with some friends to a water-party. Something prevented him at the last moment

from starting with them; but by a run of four or five miles across country he was able to join them at a higher point of the river. There were several of Johnson's pupils in the party, from whom he probably heard of the incident; at all events, meeting the boy in question next day he said in his quaint jerky manner: "Ran to Maidenhead to catch the party, did you?" "Yes, sir." "Does you credit."

A little tract, written in 1863, published since the appearance of the letters, entitled *HINTS TO ETON MASTERS*, will show at a glance Johnson's methods as a schoolmaster, especially as a tutor, and his knowledge of boy-nature. What can be truer than this? "The boys who do best on paper are not speculative, but eminently practical: and they are very apt to be calculating, hungrily ambitious, long-headed, less amiable than the oarsmen and the cricketers; and I am not going to turn my back to nature in paying homage to study." This was written of course before the worship of athletics (which, it may be remarked, many of the best athletes are the first to deplore) had been pushed to its present pitch; and it seems to indicate very fairly the attitude of the wise pedagogue towards such matters. Johnson had already expressed poetically the boy's view.

They toil at games and play with books;
They love the winner of the race,
If only he that prospers looks
On prizes with a simple grace.

Of the book which has given the impulse to these remarks, only the first half deals with Johnson's life as a schoolmaster. He left Eton before the end of his fiftieth year, settling for a time in his native county of Devon, then for a few years in Madeira, and ending his days at

Hampstead. Teaching he never abandoned. "Monday," he writes, "eight ladies met me. Nine are to come when roses blow. They will be taught not only Latin, but the difference between the language of reason and the language of poetry. . . I am for a dozen ladies the prophet of Lyell, Darwin, Faraday, Ricardo." But besides this he was a copious letter-writer, and, as has been said, a keen student both of literature and of history, past and present; and his letters, mainly to former pupils or disciples, teem with allusion and suggestion, counsel and criticism, often acute and sound; though one is surprised now and then by what seems a curiously perverse estimate. Thus in 1873, after a course of Balzac's novels, he writes: "They give me a horror of France, as it was, at least. I believe it must have been better since 1848, partly from the increase of prosperity, partly from the superiority, as a gentleman, of Louis Napoleon to Louis Philippe . . . partly the influence of literature. This last I believe is in a great measure due to Balzac, whom I now recognise as the coryphæus of Feuillet, Droz, Gaboriau, Malot, Belot, Sardou, de Musset and Flaubert." The stars of MM. Zola and Maupassant had hardly risen when these words were written, but they are surely, as Cory would himself have said, in the succession, and Balzac's world, though grimy enough, is clean beside that in which these gentlemen appear to have lived. Nor is one inclined to admit the superiority from any point of view, unless it be as a conspirator, of the man of Sedan to the hero of Valmy. But here one of Cory's mental twists appears; he seems to have had in later years an admiration for both Napoleons curious in one who in 1863 wrote, "I would pay income-tax to put an Orleans

king in his place or his son's place," and elsewhere notes as the characteristic of a good sovereign, freedom "from wicked pride, from intrigue, from vindictiveness, from suspicion."

Or again, what are we to think of such a judgment as this, from a man who could hardly plead ignorance as an excuse? "Greek plays are to French plays what cold boiled veal is to snipe." Now the French plays that he had in his mind are not *LE CID*, or *PHÈDRE*, or *LE TARTUFFE*, but *LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS* and *LE DEMI-MONDE*. Dejanira is to give place to Marguerite Gauthier! Observe that the viand chosen as the equivalent term to the Greek drama is that which to Macaulay (from whom it is doubtless borrowed) represented not only the insipid, but the repulsive. Of course it is but a momentary paradox; but it is not the only evidence that Cory never quite attained to a definite standard of judgment, or in other words, never succeeded in seeing life whole. Instincts he had in plenty, and as a rule they were remarkably sound, and admirably expressed. "The essential thing," he says in one place, unconsciously amplifying Pope's line about forms of government, "is that government should be carried on by gentlemen, by the best-informed gentlemen, by the most considerate of the well-informed gentlemen. 'Honour all men,' 'Look not each on his own things,' 'Submit to testing and refuting,' 'Life unexamined is intolerable,'—such maxims, whether Pauline or Platonic, will serve in a republic as well as in a nondescript policy like ours."

Take this again, on Sir Henry Maine's *POPULAR GOVERNMENT*. "The book, wise and powerful as it is, seems to me so dry, even so bitter, that it tempts one to prefer common

kindness to wisdom. I am tempted to say with [?] the Publican, I thank Heaven that I am not as that Pharisee. I had rather be what I am than be so superior a person as to speak of the extant English people as the *fiex Romuli*."

But, as often happens where instincts have been nourished more on reading than on actual contact with men, the lack of a definite criterion sometimes led him into odd inconsistencies. Thus writing of Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy of India in 1876, he says it "gave me a twinge of joy,—that the world should be governed by poets is beyond all dreams." Then indeed follows an ominous series of *ifs*: and some three years later we find him expressing to the same correspondent his doubts whether Disraeli did well to sanction the choice of "that Salvator Rosa gentleman, your friend at Simla." But when we turn a few pages and find General Gordon referred to as "an elderly engineer . . . blinded by conceit, and utterly incapable of doing justice to civilised man," one is a little amazed to find this admirer of the martial virtues rating the production of a few mediocre verses above the suppression of the Taiping revolt as a test of the capacity for administering affairs. But indeed, it would not require a Socrates to convict most men, whose pursuits are mainly literary, of sentiments which cannot in strict logic be deduced from their previous, or subsequent, opinions. Cory's life, as again is not uncommon in the case of men whose experience of the world of action comes mainly at second-hand, presents a curious inversion of the usual process. Never quite a boy, he seems to have grown younger in mind as the years passed over his head. We know indeed that this was his own ideal.

I'll borrow life, and not grow old;
And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
They'll say, who know the truth,
He gave whate'er he had to give
To freedom and to youth.

There is much to be said for this scheme of life; but there is always the danger that the survival of the emotional freshness of youth may retard the moral and intellectual maturity which one looks for in more advanced years. Perpetual spring would not promote the ripening of the fruit. It is only in most exceptional natures that

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,

are found combined with boyish interests and boyish enthusiasms in a grizzled head. Cory's love of country, for instance, though prompted by what his historical reading told him of the true greatness of England, was perhaps a little apt to take an exclusively military colour. Yet there was much that was attractive about his almost passionate patriotism. The country was to him as it were an ampler embodiment of the school; for his brethren and companions' sakes, he wished prosperity to both. The last words which the present writer ever heard him speak,—it was on the occasion of a chance meeting at one of the Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House, where the English painters were well represented—were "Makes me proud of my country." Nor had any one ever more cause to be grateful to England. In no other European country would it ever have occurred to a boy or young man of William Johnson's unpropitious physique and meditative temperament to mount a horse, or handle an oar, or

even "cheer the games he could not play." He somewhere rails at "my vile eyes that have made me a muff." Amiel, we take it, never so much as knew that he was a muff; nay, he thought himself rather a fine fellow. He, we may imagine, would have cared little for hearing of the great Punjaub manœuvres: "How the Russians wondered at our regiments galloping, and all abreast charging a wall, clearing it, and galloping on without a halt," the recital of which made Cory "happy" at the age of sixty-three.

About the same time he writes: "I got a telegram about Stewart's fight [Abou Klea] which carried me back to the emotion caused one day in November, 1854, when W——, at three o'clock school, got a copy of THE MORNING CHRONICLE brought by ——, and the doors being open, I heard him say before he read out the telegram, 'Make no noise'; and he sent me the paper, and I was such a Spartan as to go through the lesson with the news not read; and then I read, 'Eight thousand English and six thousand French repulsed sixty thousand Russians, &c., &c.' Thirty years ago; and I am still a boy when it comes to news about the regiments."

He pondered much on military matters; an old pupil who went into the army used to tell him he was the best soldier he knew; and even to the end of his life his interest in these subjects would strike those who never knew him in his prime.

But still through all his heart was
young,

His mood a joy that nought could mar,
A courage, a pride, a rapture, sprung
Of the strength and splendour of
England's war.

But in truth all that concerned the making of England was a subject of

deep interest to him; and his chief contribution to history, a most suggestive and stimulating work, far less well known than it deserves to be, deals with the peaceful twenty years that followed Waterloo.

The *journal intime* is not a form of literature that has ever been popular in England, and probably it gets rarer in each generation. Few people, it may be supposed, keep any kind of diary at the present time, when a reference to the file of a newspaper, or (in very orderly cases) to an indexed volume of cuttings, will generally do all that is wanted in the way of refreshing the memory; but even with the few who still indulge in that exercise, the diary usually either takes the form of a bare record of the weather, of entertainments, and the like, or else becomes a kind of commonplace book for the reception of anecdotes or phrases which may have struck the diarist's fancy. If a man in these days has the habit of reflection combined with the faculty of expression, he is not likely to squander it on his private diary.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces

was well enough in the good old Eleusinian days; but of late years the silver of speech has risen marvellously in comparison with the gold of silence. And it is the same with private letters. Few people are there now, who like Doudan are content to put the results of their thought and their study into literary form for the benefit of a single reader, or even of a small circle of friends. This, however, Cory did; and quite enough of what he wrote was worth reading to justify those who were the recipients of his confidence when alive in admitting a wider group to it now that he is gone.

THEOCRITUS.¹

THE great age of Greek poetry had drawn to an end long before the extinction of Greek freedom by the Macedonian conquest. The epic, the lyric, and the drama had been successively brought to perfection before the beginning of the period which is famous in history as the age of Pericles. A century followed in which intellectual interest was absorbed in the conquest of the new and fascinating art of prose. But an age of great prose has to pay the price of being prosaic. In the hundred years between Pericles and Alexander the Great, poetry dried up at its fountains, and became more and more an academic art based on old models. Fifty years later, when prose itself had been struck with the same academic languor, Greek poetry put forth its last, and not its least lovely, blossom in the *Idyls* of Theocritus.

The time was one of great learning and refined luxury. Greek culture, following the conquests of Alexander, had spread in a broad shallow tide over the whole of the countries fringing the Eastern Mediterranean. The wealth of the East flowed freely into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of the Greek world, the States of the larger Greece across the seas were in fierce competition with Carthage for the control of the immense commerce of Sicily. The guidance of public affairs had, in the new epoch of trained professional armies, passed into the hands of a

small hierarchy of military administrators. Politics, for so long the single absorbing passion of the Greek cities, were ceasing to exist. Relieved from the long strain of political excitement, men's minds fell back on nature and art as the two great springs of life. They had hardly realised till then what treasures each had to offer; nor perhaps is it easy for us to realise how entirely the life of ancient Greece is coloured to our eyes by a sentiment which only arose when that life was becoming absorbed in other forms. To see the beauty of nature afresh through a medium of enriched artistic tradition was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets, when, with a pathetic insincerity, they turned back to the simple life they had left so long behind, sought a new refinement in rusticity, and lavished all their ornament on the portraiture of the ploughmen, shepherds, or fishermen who were already well on their way towards becoming the serf-population of the Roman Empire.

Of the life of Theocritus, the first and by far the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from the allusions in his poems. He was a Syracusan by birth. The *Idyls* show intimate knowledge not only of Eastern Sicily, but of the fringe of Greek States on the coast of Southern Italy. But his literary education was acquired, and a considerable part of his life spent, at the court of Alexandria, which then, under the enlightened despotism of Ptolemy the Second, was the intellectual and artistic centre of the

¹ This paper was written as a preface to extracts from Theocritus in the *LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE*, published by Messrs. Hill of New York.

Greek world. In later life he probably returned to Syracuse, and the sixteenth Idyl, addressed to King Hiero soon after his accession to the throne in B.C. 270, gives the only approximately certain date among his poems. Before Hiero's long reign ended, the axis of the world had shifted; the white streets of the Greek cities that fringed the Calabrian and Sicilian coasts echoed to the tramp of the Latin legionary, and Ennius and Plautus were writing at Rome.

The poems of Theocritus, which have come down to us in substantial integrity from a collection of the pastoral poets formed some fifty years after his death, while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critics who gave them the name of *idyllia*. The name, which appears then in literature for the first time, seems to have been coined for this specific purpose. It is a diminutive formed from a word which, originally signifying *look* or *visible appearance*, took in later Greek, like its Latin equivalent *species*, the senses of physical beauty, of particular form, and, by a curious reversion from the abstract to the concrete, which first occurs in medical writers, of any rare and costly kind of merchandise, the sense handed down from Latin to English in the word *spice*. The book of idyls might be thought of then as a collection of select masterpieces of workmanship on a small scale; a casket of finely wrought jewels, one might say (like the *EMAUX ET CAMÉES* of a modern poet) or of spices remarkable for their rarity and richness. They were sharply distinguished, on the one hand by their small scale, from the larger traditional forms of poetry headed by the epic, on the other by their lavish and intricate ornament from the class of minor poetry known as the epigram, which sought its

effects in a studied and grave simplicity. Both of these forms were then assiduously cultivated, the latter with such skill and success as to yield an important body of poetry, in which the epigrams of Theocritus himself occupy a distinguished place. But his special and original genius raised the idyl to a substantive rank of its own, and enriched the world with a new form of poetry of great charm and singular permanence.

The pastoral, Theocritus's special invention, though the words idyl and pastoral are often used as synonyms, is only one form out of several which the idyl may take. The Theocritean idyls in fact include, besides the pastorals, specimens of at least four other manners. Three of these are adaptations to the idyllic treatment of the three main forms of poetry, the epic, the drama, and the lyric. The thirteenth Idyl, the *HYLAS*, and the twentieth, the *DIOSCURI*, are examples of the epic idyl, in which a single incident or episode from one of the heroic subjects is told separately and with great elaboration. The fifteenth, the famous *ADONIAZUSÆ*, familiar to English readers from the rendering of it given by Matthew Arnold in his essay on Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment, is a brilliant specimen of the dramatic idyl, in which the same method of treatment is applied to a scene from a comedy. Of the lyric idyl, where (as in Shakespeare's Sonnets) the poet speaks in his own person but in the enriched idyllic manner, there are beautiful instances in the twelfth Idyl and in the epilogue to the ninth. A fourth form, quite distinguishable from all these, is the occasional idyl, of which one charming specimen survives in the twenty-second Idyl, a poem Theocritus wrote to go with the present of a spindle of richly carved ivory to his friend Theuigenis,

the wife of a celebrated physician of the time, and the mistress of one of those lovely and peaceful Greek homes which gathered up in themselves all that was best in the ancient world.

It is, however, on the pure pastoral that the main fame of Theocritus rests; and his shepherds and fishermen and country girls, studied directly from nature and yet moving in an atmosphere of highly idealised art, have remained ever since the model for pastoral poets; for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Virgil and the Latins, and through Virgil for the literature of more modern Europe. To trace, even in bare outline, the history of the pastoral since Theocritus would be out of place here; but in it, as in other forms of poetry, the whole world has been but the pupil of Greece. Theocritus not only invented but perfected it, and later variations on his method involved no substantial change, with the exception of that unhappy craze for allegory from which Virgil is not wholly free, and which deforms so much of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the pastoral again rose to a place of the first importance in literature.

From this allegorical tendency the Greek temper,—and Theocritus, though a Sicilian writing in Egypt, is still a Greek—was instinctively averse. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer or Sophocles; and it is this quality which gives the Idyls poetical value even when their subject is coarse or trivial. They keep amid the dust of a decaying world, in the words of a haunting Theocritean line, the translucent freshness of “a cup washed in the wells of the Hours.” For the full appreciation of what is meant by the Greek pastoral the first Idyl, the *Thyrsis*, may be taken as a canon. It includes in itself the whole range of the idyllic feeling, in lan-

guage whose movement and grace are without a fault. Though it is the first known instance of a pastoral poem, the “*bucolic Muse*” is spoken of as already a familiar thing; and indeed long preparation must have been required before the note struck in the first line, nay, in the first word, could be struck with such clear certainty. “Sweet and low” (so we may render the effect of that untranslatable opening cadence) the new Muse, with flushed serious face and bright blown hair, comes from the abandoned haunts of an older world in Thessaly or Arcadia, and on the slopes of *Ætna*, among pine and oak, where the Dorian water gushes through rocky lawns, finds a new and lovelier home. The morning freshness of the mountains mingles with the clear sad vision that she brings with her from older Greece. “To-morrow I will sing again to you sweeter yet” are the last words of *Thyrsis*. So Greek poetry might have said when yet in its youth. But the goatherd bids him sing with the melancholy encouragement, “since thou wilt not keep a song where Death brings oblivion.”

This graver note, however, only comes as an undertone, while the delicate beauty of the world to still unclouded senses fills the Idyls throughout. “Light and sweet it is,” says Theocritus once of poetry in his own person; and this is so even when the Idyls touch on the deeper emotions. Yet in two instances Theocritus, keeping all the while this light sweet touch that he transmitted to none of his successors, has given an expression all but unequalled in the ancient world to love in two of its most intense phases. The story of the fiery growth of love, told by the deserted girl of the second Idyl all alone in the flooding moonlight, comes as fresh to us still as any tale of to-day in its fierce outspokenness and

tragic beauty; and even more remarkable is the strange, half-mystical passion of the twelfth Idyl (called *AITES*, or *THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM* as we might render the word into Elizabethan English) with its extraordinary likenesses in thought and expression to the Shakespearian Sonnets, and the sense throughout it, as in the Sonnets, of the immortality that verse alone gives.

These two poems are the type of one side of the Theocritean idyl; the other, and one equally permanent in its truth and beauty, is represented by the descriptive poems of country life, with their frank realism and keen delight in simple country pleasures. In the stifling streets of Alexandria Theocritus must have turned back with a sort of passion to the fresh hill-pastures he had known as a boy, with the blue sea gleaming far down through the chestnut woods. There lay his true home; and in one idyl, by a beautiful intricacy of imagination, he heightens the remembrance of summer in a Greek island by a dream of two wanderers, one among Polar snows, one far among the rocks of the burning Soudan where the Nile lies sunk beyond the Northern horizon. The songs of the reapers in the eleventh Idyl are genuine folk-poetry, such as has been sung in Greek harvest-fields from the heroic age till now. The rustic banter of the fourth, where the scene is in Southern Italy, has in it the germs not only of the artificial Latin eclogue, but of the provincial comedy native to all parts of Italy, as it was played at this very time for Roman holidays by companies of wandering actors from Tuscany and Campania. The fourteenth, even more remarkable in its truth to nature, is, with all its poetical charm, almost a literal transcript of a piece of that dull hard life of the Greek peasant-proprietary which kept driving its

young men into drink or into the army; while the speech and manners of the same social class in the great towns are drawn with as light and sure a touch in the fifteenth, the brilliant sketch of the public holiday spent by two Syracusan women settled in Alexandria.

Such was the external world in which Theocritus moved. The inner world of his poetry, by which his final value has to be estimated, can only reveal itself through the poems themselves, but a few notes of his style may be pointed out to indicate his relation on the one hand to the earlier Greek classics, on the other to a more modern and romantic art. Amid all the richness of his ornament it retains the inimitable Greek simplicity, that quality which so often makes translations from the Greek seem bare and cold. But the romantic sense of beauty, in which he is the precursor of Virgil and the Latins, is something which on the whole is new; and new too is a certain keenness of perception towards delicate or evanescent phases of nature, shown sometimes in single phrases, like the "sea-green dawn" in which he anticipates Shelley, sometimes in an elaborately expanded Tennysonian simile, and habitually in that subtle art which gives a perennial freshness and charm to his landscapes.

Together with this natural romanticism, as we may call it, is the literary romanticism which he shares with the other Alexandrian poets. The Idyls addressed to his two royal patrons, Hiero and Ptolemy, give a vivid picture of the position which literature held at this period, in the enormously enlarged world where "the rain from heaven makes the wheat-fields grow on ten thousand continents." Satiety had followed over-production: "Homer is enough" became the cry of critics; and to

many it seemed better (in the phrase Tennyson borrowed from Theocritus) to be "born to labour and the mattock-hardened hand" than to woo further the Muses who sat now "with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees." To bring a new flush into these worn faces, to renew if but for a little the brightness of poetry and the joy of song, to kindle a light at which Virgil should fire the torch for the world to follow, this was the achievement of

Theocritus; nor is it without fitness that the bucolic hexameter, the lovely and fragile metre of the Idyls, should be a modification of the same verse in which Homer had embodied the morning-glory of the Greek spirit. "With a backward look even of five hundred courses of the sun," the Idyls close, in lingering cadences, that golden age of poetry which opened with the Iliad.

J. W. MACKAIL.

A COUSIN OF PICKLE.

THE modern autobiographical romance of adventure has perhaps been overdone. The hero is always very young and very brave; he is mixed up with great affairs; he is a true lover; he marries the heroine, and he leaves his Memoirs (at six shillings) to posterity. Stereotyped as is the method, and mechanical as are most of the novels thus constructed, it is interesting to compare with them a set of genuine Memoirs, which actually are what the novels pretend to be.

Colonel John Macdonell, the author of the Memoirs, was of the Scottos family, a branch of the House of Glengarry. Indeed, in the male line the chiefs of Clan Donald are now represented by the head of the Scottos branch, not to enter on the old controversy as to the chiefship of Clan Ranald. Our Colonel was born in 1728, and was therefore a boy of eighteen in 1746. He had already been conversant with great adventures; he had seen Rome and his King, had been thrice wounded in one engagement of the Italian wars, and had relinquished his excellent prospects in the Spanish service to fight for the White Rose. An emissary between the Duke of York (not yet Cardinal) and the Prince, the bearer of a treasure in gold, our hero arrived in the Highlands just after Culloden. Robbed by the wicked Mackenzies, associated with the last rally of the loyal clans, betrayed by a cousin to a Hanoverian dungeon, young Macdonell must needs fall in love, at this juncture, with his future wife. He insults his enemies, cows the traitor who denounced him (or

another traitor), marries his lady, retires to Canada, and, dying in 1810, leaves his Memoirs to his children.

What more can be asked from a hero? "Oh, Colonel Macdonell and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, which of you imitated the other?" the critic is tempted to exclaim. But, if the real Colonel John "does it more natural," the fictitious David Balfour "does it with the better grace." The good Colonel never, of course, discourses to us about his contending emotions, or dilates, like Mr. Balfour, on the various trains of casuistry which meet in his simple soul. He never describes a place, nor a person, not even when he meets his King, the Duke of York, or the Duc de Fitzjames; he only describes action, vividly enough. He leaves out the love-interest, with the merest allusion; and thus, though the Colonel played a heroic part in romantic occurrences, he did not write a romance. He arranges his recollections ill, ignoring essential facts, and, later, dragging them in very awkwardly. His Memoirs are such as an elderly warrior of his period would naturally pen; they illustrate the chaotic condition of Highland morals and manners in 1745-54, and introduce us to figures familiar in the Prince's campaign of Scotland.¹

Scotus, Scottos, or Scothouse, the estate of the Colonel's family, lies in the south of Knoydart, and on the north side of the entrance to Loch

¹ Written before 1810, the Memoirs are published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of 1828. Mr. McLennan has founded on these papers his excellent romance, SPANISH JOHN.

Nevis, just opposite to the Aird of Sleat in Skye. On the north of Knoydart, and on the south shore of Loch Hourn, is Barisdale, the seat of the Colonel's cousin, Col of Barisdale, the tallest man, and the greatest robber, ruffian, and traitor of Clan Donald. Universal testimony, from that of the Chevalier Johnstone to the Whig Manuscript of 1750, applauds the family of Scottos as brave gentlemen, honest in the midst of "a den of thieves" (says our Whig author) loyal when loyalty had most to tempt or discourage it. Our Colonel's father was a younger son of old Scottos. He resided at Crowlin; concerning his means of life we learn nothing, but the Colonel was always well supplied with money in his boyhood. The clan were Catholics, and John's father, in 1740, sent the boy, then aged twelve, to be educated at the Scots College in Rome. He was accompanied by a lad of fourteen, Angus Macdonald, of the Clan Ranald family. From Edinburgh they sailed to Boulogne, and in Paris were entertained by Mr. George Innes, head of the Scots College and brother of Thomas Innes, the first really critical writer on early Scottish history. From Paris the pair of boys went, partly by water, partly in a *calèche*, to Avignon and Marseilles, whence they embarked for Toulon. Here they met with the following adventure, which may be given as an example of the Colonel's style in narrative, though it had no sequel. Most of his adventures led to nothing, unlike the course of fiction.

One night as we walked through the streets and were cracking nuts, my comrade, who was somewhat roguish, observed a Monsieur with a large powdered wig, and his hat under his arm, going past us; he took a handful of nuts from his pocket and threw them with all his force at the Frenchman's head, which unfortunately disordered his wig. Monsieur turned upon and collared him; by good luck a

Spaniard was of our party, who instantly ran to the relief of my comrade and gave the Frenchman a severe drubbing. We then adjourned to a tavern, when our Spaniard, calling for a bottle of wine, brought me to a private room, and after bolting the door, to my great terror and surprise, drew a stiletto with his right hand from his left bosom, and made me to understand by signs that with that weapon he would have killed the Frenchman, if he had proved too strong for him. He then took a net purse out of his pocket wherein there appeared to be about a hundred Spanish pistoles, and made me an offer of a part: I made him a low bow, but not standing in need of it, would not accept of his liberality, for I thought I had enough, being always purse-bearer for myself and companion. My friend made sometimes free with my pockets, merely to try if I should miss anything, and was happy to find that I made a discovery of his tricks by immediately missing what he took in that way. . . . I bought out of our stock two large folding French knives, by way of carvers, in case of any sinister accident.

Such an accident of travel presently occurred. A Mr. O'Rourke of Tipperary, on his way to study at Rome, introduced the boys to a certain Mr. Creach, late of the Irish brigade in Spanish service. Mr. Creach, finding Master Macdonell alone in his room, tried to rob him. Macdonell flew at the man; Angus Macdonald entered; the pair threw Creach on the ground, and John had his "carver" out, with a view to cutting Creach's throat, when O'Rourke interfered with this wild Celtic justice. Arrived in Rome, the boys found that the fame of their exploit had preceded them and done them good service, as they were reckoned lads of spirit.

John, though the youngest pupil in the lowest class of the seminary, was advancing rapidly in his studies when, in the winter of 1743, Prince Charles rode out of Rome to a hunting-party, and, disguised as a Spanish courier, continued his course as far as Antibes. France had invited him, though, when

he arrived, she neglected him. John now conceived that, in the event of the Prince's landing in England, "My clan would not be the last to join the young Charles. . . . This set my brains agoing, which were not very settled of themselves. I got disgusted with the life of a student, and thought I would be much happier in the army."

John, therefore, contrived to get "introduced to King James by noblemen attending on that Prince, who inquired of me particularly about my grandfather and granduncles [Glen-garry and Barisdale, apparently,] with all of whom he had been acquainted personally in the year 1715," when Glengarry distinguished himself so brilliantly, avenging the fallen Clan Ranald, at Sheriffmuir. A recommendation for John was sent to General Macdonnell (of the Antrim family) then commanding the Irish of the Spanish forces in Italy, and, though the Cardinal Protector demurred to John's change of service, our hero was equipped with a sword by the Rector of his College. "Presenting me with the sword, his eyes filled, and he told me that I should lose that sword by the enemy, which was verified in seven or eight months after." The Rector had the second sight!

Mr. Macdonnell, a sage of sixteen, was now horrified by the ethical ideas which he surprised in the conversation of the young Italian gentlemen who rode with him to join the Spanish army. They assured him that his military value depended on his emancipation from the prudish notions of a "parcel of bigots," but he was destined to refute this theory. General Macdonnell admitted his young clansman to his own table, and put him in the way of seeing fire. He thus describes his first view of that element; probably his emotions are common to recruits.

I'll tell you the truth, I felt myself rather queer, my heart panting very strong, not with bravery I assure you. I thought that every bullet would finish [me], and thought seriously to run away, a cursed thought! I dare never see my friends or nearest relations after such dastardly conduct. My thoughts were all at once cut short by the word of command "Advance quick!" We were at once within about one hundred paces of the enemy, to whom we gave so well directed a fire, that their impetuosity was bridled. The firing on both sides continued until dark came on, which put a stop to the work of the evening. The enemy retreated some distance back, and we rejoined our own army. I went to Genl. McDonnell, who asked me if I had smelled powder to-day; I told him I had plentifully. "What, Sir," said he, "are you wounded?" "No, please your Excellency." "Sir, you will never smell powder until you are wounded." I got great credit from the officers commanding the party I belonged to for my undaunted behaviour during the action, but they little knew what past within me before it began.

The smell of powder was soon in our hero's experience. The Neapolitan general who commanded on alternate days with the French leader, withdrew his troops from a strong position on the heights above Velletri, which was attacked by Prince Lobkowitz and the famous General Brown, with forty-five thousand Austrians. There was daily fighting, and General Macdonnell was stopped by his superior officer, while in the very act of driving the Austrians from the deserted heights, which they, of course, had occupied. An Austrian surprise cut off Macdonnell's regiment from the main force, and he thus describes what occurred.

For my own share I was among the last that gave way but, when I once turned my back, I imagined that the enemy all aimed at me alone, and therefore ran with all my might, and thought there was a weight tied to each of my legs, till I had out-run everyone, and looking behind, saw the whole coming up.

I halted and faced about, every one as he came up did the same, we soon formed a regular line, and resolved to revenge our dead comrades and to fight to the last; but found our situation to be as bad as before. . . . Reduced to extremity we offered to capitulate on honourable terms, but could obtain no condition except surrendering at discretion, rather than which we resolved to fight while powder and ball remained among the living or the dead. Our officers and men fell very fast. I among the rest got a ball through my thigh which prevented my standing; I crossed my firelock under my thigh and shook it, to try if the bone was whole, which finding to be the case, dropped on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot which threw me down; I made once more an attempt to help my surviving comrades, but received a third wound which quite disabled me. Loss of blood and no way of stopping it soon reduced my strength, I however, gripped my sword to be ready to run through the first enemy that should insult me.

All our ammunition being spent, not a single cartridge remained amongst the living or the dead, quarters were called for by the few that were yet alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape with impunity. One approached me; at first, I made ready to run him through, but observing five more close to him, I dropt the sword, and was saluted with *Hunts-foot*,¹ accompanied with a cracking of muskets about my head. I was only sensible of three blows and fainted; I suppose they thought me dead. On coming to myself again, I found my clothes were stripped off, weltering in my blood, and no one alive near me to speak to, twisting and rolling in the dust with pain, and my skin scorched by the sun. In this condition a Croat came up to me with a cocked pistol in his hand, and asked for my purse in bad Italian. I told him that I had no place to hide it in, and if he found it anywhere about me to take it. "Is that an answer for me, you son of a b—ch?" at same time pointing his pistol straight between my eyes. I saw no one near, but the word *quarter* was scarcely expressed by me, when I saw his pistol-arm seized by a genteel young man dressed only in his waistcoat, who said to him, "You rascal, let the man die as he pleases; you see he has

enough, go and kill some one able to resist." The fellow went off. Previous to this a Croat, taking my gold-laced hat and putting it upon his own head, coolly asked me how he looked in it. He then with his sabre cut off my queue and took it along with him.

A civilised scalp!

The Austrians, after all, lost the day, and a certain Miles Macdonnell rescued our hero, and had him carried into hospital. Recovering, he returned to Rome, and was welcomed in a flattering manner both by his King, who presented him with a sum of money, and by the young Duke of York. After seeing some service on the Po, young Macdonnell obtained leave to go to France and join a detachment which was to aid Prince Charles in Scotland. At Lyons they heard of the Prince's defeat of Hawley at Falkirk, but at Paris the news was worse, and of all the Jacobite volunteers (who were Irish) John Macdonell alone persevered. He urged that, as the Prince's affairs went ill, "It was ungenerous not to give what aid we were capable of, but I could not prevail on any of them to be of my opinion." In fact it was now plain that France did not mean to lend any solid assistance to the Cause. The Duke of York since Christmas had been waiting at Dunkirk and Boulogne, expecting permission to sail for England with a large force, but delay followed delay. Young Macdonell now went to Boulogne, where he met the Duke, and was introduced by him to the Duc de Fitzjames and to Lally Tollendal. Here the good Colonel's memory deceives him, for he avers that Lally wished to take him to Pondicherry. Now Lally was deep in the Scottish rising, and did not leave France for India till ten years after 1746.¹ Young Macdonell, in

¹ *Hunts-foot* (*sic*) i.e., leg of a dog, a term of reproach with the Germans.

¹ Lally's adventures were romantic, and are only touched on by M. Humont, in his *LALLY TOLLENDAL*, p. 32-5.

these weeks of hope deferred, lived with the Duke of York at Boulogne, Dunkirk, and St. Omer. Finally, he set sail from Dunkirk with several Irish officers on the very day of Culloden, April 16th.

Here the Colonel is guilty of an artistic blunder in his narrative. It is plain, from his later statements, that the Duke of York made him the bearer of a letter, and a sum of £1,500 or £2,000 in gold, to Prince Charles. But we do not hear, till later, of the money or the missive. The little company with Macdonell rounded the Orkneys, landed in Loch Broom, and at once heard the fatal news of Culloden. Macdonell's uncle, Scottus, had fallen with twenty of his men, "and nobody knew what was become of the Prince." Colonel Macdonell never gives dates, but he must have arrived in Loch Broom between May 8th and May 12th, 1746. On May 8th, a meeting of chiefs was held at Murlagan, and a tryst appointed at Loch Arkaig, in Lochiel's country, for May 15th.¹ Our hero heard something of this at Loch Broom, and determined to join the rallied clans. He first went to Laggy, at the head of Little Loch Broom, where he found Colin Dearg Mackenzie of Laggy, with several other Mackenzie gentlemen, and sixty of the clan. "We thought ourselves as safe [he and his friend, Lynch, an Irish officer,] as in the heart of France."

Now began the purely personal romance of the Colonel. The Mackenzies entertained him and Captain Lynch at dinner in a dark and crowded room; he noticed that men gathered suspiciously behind him, and he remembered that they had remarked on the weight of his portmanteau. He therefore rose more than once from table to inspect that valise, but,

while the company were drinking the Prince's health, Colin Dearg walked out. Absent, too, was the portmanteau, when the guests left the table, but Colin explained that he had packed it on the back of our Colonel's horse. There, indeed, it was, but when the Colonel stopped at Dundonell, and opened his valise in search of a pair of shoes, a canvas bag containing £1,000 was missing. A gentleman of the Mackenzie clan had slashed open the portmanteau, and stolen the money of the Prince whose health they were drinking! It was the affair of the Loch Arkaig hoard on a smaller scale. The situation of our injured hero was the more awkward, as Dundonell, where he found himself, was the estate of a Mr. Mackenzie, nephew to the thief, Colin Dearg. Mr. Mackenzie was absent; Mrs. Mackenzie was at home, but in bed. However, she saw Macdonell, who told her what had occurred, and entrusted to her another bag of five hundred guineas: "If killed, I bequeath it to your ladyship. God be with you! I wish you a good morning." Accompanied by Lynch, Macdonell now returned to Laggy. He dared not use force against Colin Dearg, for, if he fell, Colin would win his own pardon by producing a letter from the Duke of York to Charles, which our hero was carrying, though he now mentions it for the first time. Accused by Macdonell of taking the money, Colin Dearg denied all knowledge of it, and, as he was attended by a tail of armed clansmen, Macdonell had no resource but in retreat.

He breakfasted at Dundonell with "the most amiable lady," took up the £500, and after fatiguing marches, reached Loch Arkaig. On the shores of the remote and lonely loch our Colonel met, and recognised, his gigantic kinsman, the truculent Col of Barisdale. Col said that Lochiel

¹ Mackenzie's *HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS*; see documents on pp. 233-44.

and Murray of Broughton were at Achnacarry; he himself and Lochgarry were mustering men, "to try what terms could be got from the Duke of Cumberland." This must have been on May 14th. At Achnacarry the wounded Lochiel received our hero kindly, and Mr. Murray of Broughton took charge of the remaining £500 and the letter from the Duke of York to the Prince. Lest any one should think that the Colonel is romancing, there exists documentary evidence to corroborate his tale. The unhappy Murray of Broughton, in his accounts of the Prince's money after Culloden, writes: "From a French officer who had landed upon the East Coast, £1,000. N.B.—This French officer was charged with 2,000 guineas, but said he had 1,000 taken from him as he passed through the Mackenzies' country, and gave in an account of deductions from the other thousand." Murray adds that he has charged himself with £1,000 "tho' he still thinks he did not receive quite so much." He must have received the £500, and some loose cash. Murray was writing from memory, so was Colonel Macdonell. Murray calls him a French officer, and really he was in French service. There cannot have been two such officers who, at the same time, were robbed of £1,000 by the Mackenzies, and reported the loss just after Culloden.¹

Macdonell slept at Achnacarry, and was wakened by the pipes playing *Cogga na si*. News had just arrived of an attempted surprise by Cumberland, whose forces were actually in sight; Barisdale was accused of having concerted the surprise, but the story is improbable. Eight hundred Camerons and Macdonalds now retreated by the west end of Loch Arkaig, and our hero, with Captain

Lynch, made for Knoydart. Lynch later returned to French service, carrying Macdonell's report to the Duke of York, and soon fell at the battle of Lafeldt, where the Scots and Irish nearly captured Cumberland. As for Macdonell, "I had put on a resolution," he says, "never to leave Scotland while Prince Charles was in the country." The death of Macdonell's father, and the infirmity of old Scottos, also made his presence at home necessary to his family. So, he says, "I waved the sure prospect I had of advancing myself both to riches and honour," in the service of Spain.

Knoydart, during the winter of 1746-47, must have been in a state of anarchy. Old Glengarry, accused by Barisdale, was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle; young Glengarry was in the Tower. Col Barisdale and his son were captives in France, on a charge of treason to King James. Lochgarry had fled to France with the Prince. Old Scottos was decrepit. No rents were paid; the lands had been wasted by the English; clansmen were seizing farms at will.¹ In these melancholy circumstances our Colonel marched alone into the Mackenzie country, to hunt for the money stolen by Colin Dearg. Then this odd adventure befell him.

I went to take a solitary turn and met a well-dressed man in Highland clothes also taking the morning air. After civil salutations to each other, I entered into discourse with him about former transactions in that country. He of himself began to tell me about French officers that came to Lochbroom—how the 1,000 guineas had been cut out of one of their portmanteaus by Colin Dearg, Major Wm. McKenzie of Kilcoy,² and Lieu-

¹ Letter-Book of Alastair Ruadh. M.S.

² William, fourth son of Donald the fifth of Kilcoy. He married Jean, daughter of Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, and died without issue. HISTORY OF THE MACKENZIES, p. 585.

¹ Murray of Broughton in Chambers's REBELLION OF 1745; edition of 1869, p. 515.

tenant Murdoch McKenzie from Dingwall,—all officers of Lord Cromartie's regiment, being all equally concerned; and how not only those who acted the scene, but all the people in that part of the country had been despised and ridiculed for their mean and dastardly behaviour; but that had his (McKenzie's who was speaking to me) advice been taken, there should never have been a word about the matter. The following dialogue then ensued. *Question.* "And pray Sir, what did you advise?" *Answer.* "To cut off both their heads, a very sure way indeed!" *Q.* "What were they, or of what country?" *A.* "The oldest, and a stout-like man, was Irish. The youngest and very strong-like, was a Macdonell of the family of Glengarry." *Q.* "How was the money divided?" *A.* "Colin Dearg got 300 guineas, William Kilcoy got 300 guineas, and Lieutenant Murdoch McKenzie got 300 guineas." *Q.* "What became of the other hundred?" *A.* "Two men who stood behind the Irish Captain with drawn dirks ready to kill him, had he observed Colin Dearg cutting open the portmanteau, got 25 guineas each; and I and another man, prepared in like manner for the young Captain Macdonell, got 25 guineas each." *Q.* "You tell the truth, you are sure?" *A.* "As I shall answer, I do." *Q.* "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" *A.* "To a friend and one of my own name." "No, you d—d rascal," seizing him suddenly by the breast with my left hand, at the same instant twitching out my dirk with the right, and throwing him upon his back, "*I am that very Macdonell.*" I own I was within an ace of running him through the heart, but some sudden reflection struck me,—my being alone, and in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, among people which I had reason to distrust, I left the fellow upon his back, and re-entered the house (Torridon) in some hurry. My landlord, Mr. McKenzie of Torridon, met me in the entry, asked where I had been,—I answered "taking a turn." "Have you met anything to vex you?" "No," I returned smiling. "Sir," says he, "I ask pardon, you went out with an innocent and harmless countenance, and you came in with a fierceness in your aspect past all description." "Mr. McKenzie," said I, "none of your scrutinizing remarks; let us have our morning!" "With all my heart," he replied. Soon

after, being a little composed, I related to him my morning adventure. He remarked that the man was a stranger to him, and had been a soldier in Lord Cromartie's regiment. That very day I quitted that part of the country and returned home, where I continued sometime.

The *some time* must cover the years from 1747 to the autumn of 1749. Old Glengarry was released at that date from Edinburgh Castle. To him, at Invergarry, Colonel John told the story of his wrongs, and from his chief he obtained an escort of five men. With these at his heels, he marched to Dundonell, and told Mr. Mackenzie that he desired a meeting with Colin Dearg. Colin came, but his escort consisted of some thirty-five men armed with dirks and clubs. The Colonel, however, was determined to beard his enemy, and devised the following tactics. He himself would sit between Colin Dearg and Dundonell: two of his five men would slip out, and guard the door with drawn swords; meanwhile the Colonel would insult the Mackenzies. If they raised a hand, he would pistol Colin and dirk his host, Dundonell; his three retainers would fire the house, and the Macdonells would escape in the confusion, or perish with their foes. It was a very pretty sketch for a *camisado*.

After a short pause, Dundonell mentioned the cause of our present meeting in as becoming a manner as the subject would admit of; to which an evasive answer was returned by his uncle, Colin Dearg, pretending to deny the fact. I then took him up, and proved that he himself was the very man who with his own hands had taken the gold out of my portmanteau, after cutting it open with some sharp instrument. This I said openly in the hearing of all present. To which I got no other reply than that "the money was gone and could not be accounted for." I returned that "If the cash was squandered, the reward due to

such actions was yet extant,"—and being asked what that was, I answered, "the gallows." At this expression the whole got up standing, and seeing them all looking towards me, I drew my dirk and side pistol, and presenting one to my right and the other to my left, swore that if any motion was made against my life, I would despatch Dundonell and his uncle, who seeing me ready to put my threat in execution, begged of their people for the love of God, to be quiet, which was directly obeyed. In the meantime my men had taken immediate possession of the outside of the door, and were prepared to act according to my orders. I called to them to stay where they were, but none of the people in the house knew what they had gone out for.

The money was gone, no man dared to touch our hero, and he and Dundonell went peacefully home together! Our hero had dominated and insulted the Mackenzies, and was obliged to be satisfied with that result.

In the following year (1751-54) Knoydart and Lochaber were perfectly demoralised. The hidden treasure of Loch Arkaig had set Macdonalds against Camerons; cousins were betraying cousins, and brothers were blackmailing brothers. The odious and almost incredible details are to be found in the Duke of Cumberland's MSS. at Windsor Castle. The murder of Campbell of Glenure by Allan Breck, or by Sergeant Mohr Cameron, and the reports of Pickle, James Mohr, and a set of other spies, had alarmed the Government with fears of a rising aided by Prussia. Consequently arrests were frequent, and no man knew whom he could trust. Col of Barisdale, a double-dyed traitor, was dead in gaol, but his eldest son was being hunted on island, loch, and mountain. Now in a letter from an English officer, Captain Izard, dated September 30th, 1751, and preserved at Windsor, he says: "Dr. Macdonald, living at Kyles, and brother of Glengarry, told that young Barisdale lay at his

house the Monday before, and proposed going to the Isle of Skye."

The giver of this information was not a man in whom to confide. Our hero, however, confided. Disguised as a rough serving-man, he went fishing for lythe with "my relation, Dr. Macdonell of Kyles, an eminent physician." An English vessel, the Porcupine, under the notorious Captain Fergusson, came in sight. Dr. Macdonell insisted on taking our hero on board her, and there, as he sat over his punch, informed the English officers that the servant who accompanied him was a gentleman. Fergusson arrested Macdonell at once, on suspicion of being young Barisdale, and he lay for some time a prisoner in Fort William. Now the Doctor may only have blabbed in his cups, but, taken with Captain Izard's report, his behaviour looks very bad. Our hero, however, does not suspect his relation, the Doctor, but denounces his cousin, Captain Allan Macdonald of Knock, in Sleat, as his betrayer, and "the greatest spy and informer in all Scotland." However it be, the betrayal of Colonel John was certainly a family affair. A long list of charges, doubtless of Jacobite dealings, was brought against him, and a midshipman on the Porcupine assured him that Allan Macdonald of Knock was the informer. So the Colonel was locked up in Fort William, then, or just before, crowded with prisoners, such as Lochiel's uncle Fassifern, his agent Charles Stuart, Barisdale's second son, and Cameron of Glen Nevis, with his brother Angus. The date must have been June or July, 1753, for young Barisdale was taken in July, and the Colonel was then a prisoner. Young Barisdale just escaped hanging; Fassifern was exiled; Stuart was accused of the Appin murder; Sergeant Mohr Cameron was betrayed and executed; the traitors

were clansmen of the victims, and, though our Colonel says nothing of all this, the facts gave him good cause for anxiety. It is fair to add that no mention of his enemy, Macdonald of Knock, seems to occur in the Cumberland Papers, where so many spies hide their infamy.

Our hero escaped by aid of Mr. Macleod of Ulnish, sheriff-depute of Skye, "being both my friend and relation as well as the friend of justice." This gentleman suppressed the only good evidence against the Colonel, which indeed only proved his wearing the proscribed kilt. After nine months of gaol the Colonel was released, and seized the first opportunity to challenge Knock, who would not face him.

So ends the Colonel's adventure. "I was then in love with your mother," he says simply, and on this head he says no more. He had "kept the bird in his bosom," a treasure lost by many of his kin, and among them, one fears, by Allan of Knock. A certain

Ranald Macdonell of [*in*] Scammaldale and Crowlin, who, born about 1724, married in May, 1815, and died in November of the same year, aged ninety, is said to have "severely punished that obnoxious person known as Allan of Knock, over whose remains there was placed an inscription not less fulsome than false." Allan, whether he betrayed the Colonel or not, has obviously a bad name in Knoydart.

The Colonel lived happily on his property till 1773, when he settled in Schoharie County, New York. When the American rebellion broke out, he served in the King's Royal Regiment of New York, and, after the final collapse of the British, he retired to Cornwall in Ontario. As General Macdonnell wrote of him in 1746, "He has always behaved as an honourable gentleman, and a brave officer, irreproachable in every respect."

ANDREW LANG.

¹ ANTIQUARIAN NOTES, by C. Frazer Macintosh, p. 156.

AN OLD GERMAN DIVINE.

THE name of Abraham a Sancta Clara would probably have remained unknown in England, except to professed students, had not one of those literary accidents to which many smaller men owe their immortality served to keep his memory alive among all readers of German poetry. In 1798 the new theatre at Weimar was to be opened with a representation of *WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP*. Writing to Schiller on October 5th in that year, Goethe expresses his regret that he has been unable to supply a promised contribution to the play; to make amends he despatches a volume by Father Abraham, which he feels sure will inspire Schiller for the Capuchin's sermon. The volume in question was a collection of fugitive pieces, called *REIMB DICH ODER ICH LISZ DICH*. It delighted the recipient, who hoped to draw with good effect from such a source of inspiration; and indeed the worthy father's quips and cranks would be accounted by some right pleasant reading. But the claims on Schiller's time were numerous. He, therefore, in haste translated or copied from his model what was intended to be a mere stop-gap, to serve for the few performances at Weimar. Such was the genesis of the famous sermon, the opening lines of which I quote in the dress in Sir Theodore Martin's version, of which may be said what Schiller says of his own rough draft, the spirit of the original is fairly well preserved.

Huzzah! hurroo! and hullabaloo!
 Fine doings these, and with me here too!
 A Christian army, and these its works?
 Are we Anabaptists, or are we Turks,

Making on Sunday such riot and rout,
 As if the Almighty had the gout,
 And couldn't strike in, to kick you about?
 Is this a time to caper and fling,
 To spend in debauch and junketing?
Quid hic statis otiosi?
 Why stand you with hands in your
 bosom, when
 On the Danube war's Furies are loose
 again;
 When Bavaria's bulwark is broken down,
 When the Swede in his clutch holds
 Ratisbon town?
 Yet here in Bohemia the army lies,
 Stuffing its paunch, and blinking its eyes,
 Bottles, not battles, its chief concern,
 Wine-stoup and tabors liked better
 than sabres,
 Drabbing and dicing, grabbing and
 slicing
 Oxen, but skulking from Oxenstirn!

And so on for some hundred and twenty lines. It does not appear that any considerable changes were made in the speech after the first production of the play; and Abraham's style has been judged by posterity mainly from Schiller's hurried imitation of its features. The sermon in the play is not a parody; on the contrary, it hardly does full justice to the eccentricity and quaintness of the preacher, of whose life, works, and ways a brief sketch is here attempted.

Johann Ulrich Megerlin, for so ran the baptismal name of him who was called in religion Abraham a Sancta Clara, was born at Kreenheinstetten, a sequestered village in Swabia, where his father Mattheis, or Theiss, Megerlin was the prosperous host of the Grapes tavern. The date of his birth was July 2nd, 1644, a little more than four years before the Peace of Westphalia; so that Abraham's career belongs not, as Carlyle once thought,

to the period of the Thirty Years' War, but to the ensuing epoch of Habsburg weakness and foreign ascendancy in the German Empire. Of his early childhood we have a suggestive picture drawn by a contemporary, who describes how the little fellow used to stand among the swine, geese, ducks, and fowls, "guarding them or keeping them company." After receiving a rudimentary education in the German school of his native place and in the Latin school at Messkirch, he was admitted to the Jesuit gymnasium at Ingolstadt, where he remained until the close of his fifteenth year. The excellence of the Jesuits as teachers has long been acknowledged, and is extolled by Abraham himself in his own lively fashion: "They shall take you a clumsy block of wood, fit only for a pig-trough, and carve it into a goodly Mercury." Possibly his removal from such skilful hands was connected with the death of his father, which took place in the same year, 1659. The business of the tavern now passed into the hands of the eldest son, Jacob, with whom the widowed mother continued to live. The pitiless industry of German scholars has revealed the fact that domestic relations in the Grapes were not at this time of a harmonious character; official records still exist to show that Jacob and his mother were both fined for brawling and mutual abuse. The effect of early associations upon later development may easily be exaggerated; but it is not extravagant to suppose that the blunt speech and homely wit of the village taproom bore fruit in Abraham's sermons, and that his rich fund of proverbial sayings began to be accumulated among the peasants of Kreenheinstetten. Yet his residence at home cannot have been of long duration. After studying under the Benedictines at Salzburg, "where he

received the salt of wisdom," says a biographer whose whim it is to imitate his hero's quibbles, the youth proceeded to Vienna, and at eighteen years of age was received as a novice of the order of barefooted Austins. He chose the name Abraham, doubtless, out of respect to his uncle, the composer Abraham Megerle, to whom he was indebted for personal kindness and material support.

The period of his novitiate appears to have been one of great happiness and profit. It was spent in the monastery of Maria-Brunn, famous for its golden image of the Virgin and lying in wooded country six miles westward from Vienna. To these years of probation belongs an anecdote which is at once an illustration of monasticism and a contribution to psychological research. The story was related by Abraham himself twenty-eight years afterwards, and the occurrence must therefore have produced a lasting impression on his memory. In the monastery was an old lay-brother whose small stature, disproportionate to his virtue, had gained him the (to our thinking) disrespectful name of Godly Tommy. His life was simple and devout, nor was there any fault to find with his conduct, except that sometimes, when washing the platters in the kitchen, he would grind his teeth and mutter discontent into the bowl. Tommy, or let us rather say Thomas, in due course of nature quitted this world and, one would have thought, its irksome duties. Then a strange thing happened. For some nights in succession the whole of the brotherhood distinctly heard the sounds of washing up. There was a timorous flocking to the kitchen; the door was opened, and the noise ceased. It was shut again; the washing and setting down of dishes was once more audible. However, prayer and masses availed to rid the monks of the nocturnal

disturbance, and to liberate Thomas, let us hope, from the perpetual bondage of an uncongenial task.

Abraham had gone to Maria-Brunn, it would seem, in 1662; he remained in the house of the golden Virgin until 1666, in which year he returned to Vienna to be ordained priest. His first official employment was as preacher on holy days in the monastery of Maria-Stern at Taxa, near Augsburg. Here his reputation was speedily established, with the result that he was summoned back to Vienna and for many years fascinated or amused enormous congregations in the imperial city. Men of all classes, we are told, came again and again to hear their vices set forth, and even the Emperor himself was a frequent attendant in the chapel of the Augustiner-Kloster to which the popular divine was attached.

The best introduction to the study of Abraham as a preacher will be to give his own account of the difficulties with which a preacher has to contend, especially as it affords a good illustration of one of his styles, and has, in the main, a modern atmosphere. The passage will be found in the first part of his longest work, *JUDAS DER ERTZSCHELM*.

As long as a preacher maketh a fine, eloquent, ornate discourse, larded with stories and pithy saws, he is everyone's good friend. "Long life to the father! A worthy man! 'Tis pleasure to hear him," and so forth. But let him with Paulus begin in sharp earnest: "O foolish Galatians! O *insensati Germani! O insensati Christiani!*" Let him begin to tell the great lords the truth, that they shall once in a way use their spectacles, nor look for ever through their fingers; that they shall not let their justice be as a spider's web, wherein the flies, which be small, stick fast, but the birds, which be large, break through; that they shall not be as the still, which draweth from the flower the last drop of sweetness. Let him begin to preach to *Ministri* and Councillors that they shall learn to count three; that they shall lay to heart that lesson, given by

Christ to his closest councillors, *Visionem, quam vidiatis, nemini dixeritis*. Let him begin to preach the truth to the nobles, that they do shear the poor like very barbers; that their chief revenue lieth not in corn and wine, but in pot-herbs, for they do rob the peasants' pots right grievously. Let him tell the truth to the clergy, that they be full often as the bells, which do ring others into the church, but themselves remain without; that they be as Noah's carpenters, who built the ark to the saving of others and were themselves drowned; aye, that many priests be as owls which, drinking in the night-season the oil from the lamps, do nourish themselves from the Church, but are all unprofitable. Let him tell the truth to the soldiers, that they do stubbornly believe their very consciences to be privileged, whereas their *privilegia* are but privy-lies; the truth to the magistrates, that they be full often like unto broth wherein the fat is scarce; the truth to the toll-gatherers and officers of the State, that they be oftentimes too free in housing not strangers, but strangers' goods; the truth to the vintners, that they do serve out mock wine for Hock-wine, Purge-undy for Burgundy, and dabble in the fuller's trade; the truth to the peasants, that they do feign them to be simple, yet are no more simple than Swiss breeches with a hundred folds; the truth to the children, that they take not after Passau blades, whose goodness is in pliancy; the truth to the women, that they do pluck up their skirts too high and wear their frocks too low. Let your preacher use his roughing tool in this wise; let him tell thus the mere truth, and such speaking shall cost him squeaking; such words, swords; such commentation, lamentation. *Inimicus factus sum dicens*. He shall set himself at enmity with all. His *auditorium* shall decay away; his pews shall presently become but quarters for old wives; his church, as a fair when the booths be down. On all sides he shall hear: "What reck I of this preacher?" *Sic facta est veritas in aversionem*.

Should the reader feel disgusted at the vile puns and jingles, he may console himself with the assurance that the English imitations are no worse than the German originals, and with the reflection that even Aristotle took such bastards of wit for the legitimate offspring of natural clever-

ness or trained intelligence. Every page of Abraham's works, every period of his discourses blossoms with these hot-house flowers of speech. Schiller's *Der Rheinstrom ist worden zu einem Peinstrom* was transferred bodily, and the play on *Länder and Elender* was likewise borrowed. The good father tortures Latin and German with impartial cruelty; and if the former seems to suffer less frequently, it is, perhaps, from lack of skill on the executioner's part rather than from any pricking of compassion. Sometimes, indeed, he appears to repent him of his misdoings; but habit has grown too strong, and the relapse into punning or rhyming is immediate. "In this present volume," he observes in one of his prefaces, "I deal solely with serious things, that thou may'st see that I celebrate not always the festival of Saints Jucundus and Hilarius, but have in lore and store sober matter which I proffer as my poor offer toward my neighbour's good."

It is true that the German of to-day retains a fondness for alliteration and end-rhymes; that such ornaments were far more popular in the seventeenth century; and that they were, in particular, beloved by the common folk, to whom it was often the preacher's business to appeal. But all this granted, it cannot be denied that in the long extract we have given, there is, side by side with a certain fluency which is almost eloquence, a certain extravagance which is almost buffoonery. Abraham, moreover, has other faults. He resorts not seldom to a method of iteration and climax which reminds us of Mr. Chadband, and which may still be detected in the rhetoric of the crossways. He worries a text as a terrier does a rat. His "practical applications" are of appalling boldness. The unclean beasts, for instance, in

the story of St. Peter at Joppa, become in his rendering, the various terms of abuse, "gallows-bird," "idle dog," "booby," and so forth, which husband had to swallow from wife, or wife from husband, in the undermost layers of Viennese society. He does not hesitate to parody Marian litany or *paternoster*. Banal phrases, scraps of doggerel, Latin tags, anagrams, alphabets, all are pressed into his service. His was preaching-run-mad, as Carlyle calls it. Yet he gratified the taste of the day, and, as we have said, drew vast congregations. Perhaps the effect of his discourses was owing chiefly to the numerous stories or "concepts," gathered from curious reading in forgotten books, or from his own experience, with which the whole mass was seasoned. Add the broad Swabian dialect, the preacher's imposing presence, his resonant voice, and you will have the chief components of the attractive force which caused men to throng the churches where Abraham was to be heard,—a rapt multitude, laughing or weeping with his changeful moods.

A little incident that happened in the early years of his ministry at Vienna should not be omitted even from a hasty sketch of his career. The monks of the Augustiner-Kloster had long been disturbed by the grunting of the swine in the adjacent pig-market. Their silent meditations were interrupted; when they lifted up their voices in the psalms of David, there was a horrid dissonance from the neighbouring pens. Custom had not blunted the keenness of the annoyance; on the contrary, the thing had become intolerable. Either the monastery must be moved, or the pig-market. There were meetings of the convent and hot discussions. At last in 1672, as we learn from an entry in the monastic records, the prior bethought him to send Abraham,

whose tongue had already marked him out for distinction, to lay the grievance before the City Council. Abraham discharged his mission, and the burgomaster laughingly consented to the removal of the market. But what the pleasantry was which moved the laughter is no longer to be ascertained by the most careful searching. It has gone to join the mournful company of perished jests.

On the whole this first residence in the Augustiner-Kloster was a time of tranquillity, despite the pigs. Abraham seems, if we may use a phrase which is here not without its fit meaning, to have basked in the smiles of the Court. In 1677 he received a special mark of royal favour, being nominated Hofprediger to the Emperor Leopold the First. The patent, or diploma of this appointment is still extant, and supplies us with the, not unexpected, information that the preacher was listened to by Catholics and Protestants alike, *frequentiori qua orthodoxorum qua acatholicorum concursu*. But in spite of preferment and popularity, there is reason to think that his life continued to be of the utmost simplicity. Apart from journeys to Italy and France he seldom left the walls of his monastery except in pursuit of his calling, to occupy a pulpit or to visit the sick. We find him lamenting that his vow kept him poor, so that he could not relieve poverty. His descriptions of death-bed scenes are often accompanied by personal recollections of their horrors. Such scenes must have been multiplied when the year 1679 opened, bringing with it the plague, which devastated Vienna for eleven months. During the latter part of this time, however, from July to December, Abraham was sheltered in the house of Count Hoyos, Land-Marschall of Lower Austria, reading mass daily and devoting his leisure

to the composition of a homily to be published presently under the title MERCKS WIENN.

This homily is, in effect, an account of the plague, interspersed with appropriate moralising and exhortations. The narrative, where nothing but narrative is attempted, is singularly graphic and vigorous; otherwise, there are the usual alliterations, end-rhymes, and catch-penny witticisms. First we have a picture of Vienna sunning itself in royal splendour before the rage of the pestilence broke loose. The imperial residence was crowded with courtiers; messengers from great princes came and went; when the Muscovite embassy or the Polish knights rode in, an Argus would have found food enough for a hundred hungry eyes. Pageantry in the streets, music from palace windows or noble courtyard, seasoned day by day the lives of the burghers. One would have said that "a hole had been made in heaven from which its joys poured down by the bushel on the good city of Vienna." Then the canker began. At first, creeping slowly through the Leopold-Stadt, and across an arm of the Danube to another suburb, death seemed to content itself with victims of the humbler sort. But in July the ravages extended to the heart of the town. In the earlier stages of their progress the nature of the disease had been concealed. This was now no longer possible. Disfigured corpses lay in the open streets. To be attacked by the plague was almost certain death. So rapid was the action of the virus that, as we are told, men eating would fall, spoon in mouth, men confessing perished with their sins on their lips. The Emperor and the Court fled. In the stricken city hardly any sound was to be heard by day or night save the mournful prayer "God shield thee!" The rich died as the poor; priests, scholars,

soldiers were carried off. Within six months nearly seventy thousand souls had been claimed by the Angel of Death.

During the worst fury of the pestilence its historian was, as we have seen, in comparative security. The stories therefore which have been related of his heroism in the crisis can only be explained as mythic accretion. Under the orders of his superiors, or following the dictates of his own prudence, he had secluded himself so soon as the magnitude of the evil was apparent. Without further knowledge than we possess it would be unjust to censure his conduct. But whatever may have been the motives of his retirement, it was probably through it that he was enabled in the following year, when the Emperor returned and the great thanksgiving was held, to deliver the sermon which closed the ceremonies. That he had not in any way forfeited the esteem of his brethren is shown by his election, about this time, to the office of prior of the monastery of St. Loretto.

For about two years Abraham controlled his barefooted Austins in Vienna with what discipline of wise severity or loving-kindness cannot now be learned. Then a change came over his fortunes. In 1682 he was removed as a simple Sunday preacher to the St. Anna Monastery at Grätz. Here again the records fail us; we have no means of accounting for this seeming degradation. All we know is that for seven years Abraham's home was the house of the Austins in the Münzgraben at Grätz; that for the last four years of his stay he was its prior; and that an important part of his literary work was done there. The brightest of his occasional pieces, *AUF, AUF, IHR CHRISTEN!* dates from this time, as do *GACK, GACK*, an account of that monastery of Maria-Stern where his career began, and the

first two volumes of *JUDAS DER ERTZSCHELM*, already mentioned. A brief notice of these works may now be appropriate.

The year 1683, in the spring of which *AUF, AUF, IHR CHRISTEN!* was composed, was the year of the great Turkish war, the last in which Moslem hosts pressed forward to the boundaries of Western civilisation. The issue was a grave one, for if Vienna were lost, Rome itself was in danger. Hardly had the stake been greater when Charles Martel checked the onward progress of Abderrahman in the plains by Tours. The Austrian Emperor, roused at length to a consciousness of the peril, had looked for aid in every quarter. In England his representative had been met with ridicule by the Ministers, with confessions of impotence by the King. But Pope Innocent the Eleventh had given money and moral support. John Sobieski, Max Emanuel of Bavaria, and the Elector of Saxony were all prepared to take the field in defence of the Cross; even Louis the Fourteenth, in spite of his standing quarrel with Leopold, would have been glad to pose as the champion of Christendom and to avert the danger which his own machinations had provoked. On the other hand, Toköly, leader of the Hungarian rebels, was ready to make common cause with the Turks in return for recognition as sovereign of Hungary. In the first weeks of 1683 the Moslem army mustered at Adrianople; in April came the forward movement; by the beginning of May Belgrade had been reached, where the Sultan held a final review, and committed to his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, the green banner of the Prophet and the supreme command of two hundred and thirty thousand men. How Vienna was besieged, how Leopold fled once more, as if the Turks had been a second plague, how

the valour of Germans and Poles saved the Cross from the Crescent, these things do not concern us here: for the *approbatio* of Abraham's call to arms "*Auf, auf, ihr Christen* (up, up, ye Christians)!" was signed by the Theological Faculty of Vienna on May 4th, on or about the day of the review at Belgrade.

Inspired by the great events of which the news reached him in his monastic seclusion at Grätz, Abraham's book was a stirring exhortation to resist the hereditary enemy, those leeches who sought to drain the life-blood from the Church of Christ. The serpent-brood of Mahomed is sprung from Ishmael; as Ishmael was cast forth from the tents of the patriarch, so must his descendants be expelled from the lands of the faithful. The career of Mahomed is sketched in the darkest colours that tradition could supply; then comes a condensed narrative of the spread of the Moslem faith and the conquests of the Moslem arms. The fall of Constantinople, in particular, kindles the indignation of the good father: "Constantinople, an earthly Paradise, a gorgeous Queen of the East, an ornament of the whole earth, a jewel of the Christian Church, a noble city at the building whereof God himself did aid with his miracles! This imperial residence, this dwelling of many Saints, this monstrosity of many relics! Constantinople, once the bride of Christ, become the mistress of Mahomed!" The present advance of the Turks, like many other disasters, had been predicted by heavenly signs; it was the vengeance of God for the sins of mankind. The great need of the Christians, if they were to repel the invader, was unity. That invader was cruel with a cruelty beyond that of the bears which devoured the mockers of Elisha, beyond that of the lions which consumed the accusers of Daniel ("a mouthful that the devil

will surely have blessed unto them"); more cruel than Adoni-bezek, who cut off the fingers and toes of seventy kings ("it were well nowadays if some had no fingers that they might leave dipping into other men's pockets"); more cruel than Herod who put the Innocents to death; more cruel than Nero, Valentinian, Julian, etc. Past victories over the Turks furnished a ground of hope; but the chief trust must be in God, from whom all victory is, and to whom fervent prayer must be offered up. Of the hortatory matter a specimen may follow.

Up, up, I say, beloved brethren! It may be that there will be among you many who have lined their doublets with hare-skin; that there will be many who do put on a weathercock-face; that there will be many, whose look is sour as the vinegar-jar; many who do already tremble like unto the tail of the bird wagtail; many who do hang their mouths like a Melampus on the first Friday after Easter; many who do already make lament as the owls beneath an old church roof, and there is no Saint more followed than *Kümmernis*, She of Mourning. Some get them more maggots in their brains than Pharaoh had flies in Egypt. But shame to you, ye faint-hearts; smell rather at the flower which I do proffer you, the flower that is called heart's ease. Be bold; put your trust in God. He is the God which gave Samson his strength, which gave victory to Jephthah, which gave the Israelites conquest. This God, this God will help us. Hope from our weapons only is frail; therefore saith the great Ambrosius, *Ideo homo non vicisti, quia de tuo præsumpsisti*. Yea, all our firmness becometh frail, but whoso leaveth himself in the hands of God, he can never be left desolate.

GACK, GACK, GACK, GACK A GA is, as has been stated, a pious memory of an old home. The origin of the monastery of Maria-Stern, whose praises are here recited, is remarkable enough to be worth relating. Irmentrude, wife of Isenbert, Count of Altdorf, was once informed by a credible witness that a poor woman in her vicinity had been delivered of three children at a birth.

To the noble lady it seemed impossible that this fecundity should be ascribed to ordinary conjugal relations; the mother must be an adulteress, fit only to be thrust into a sack and drowned. Such unworthy suspicions drew meet punishment upon the head of her who had formed them. After the lapse of a year she herself was brought to bed, and bore to her absent lord twelve children, twelve lusty boys. Here was a pretty pickle! How would a husband interpret this? Prompted by Satan, the Countess resolved "to be the mother of one, the murderess of eleven." Accordingly, an old waiting-woman was despatched, with the superfluous eleven in a basket on her arm, to drown the innocent proofs of uncommitted sin in a neighbouring stream. But Providence interposed. The Count met the woman as he returned from his hunting expedition. What was in the basket? Young hounds, he was told; then haply some might be kept and trained. Resistance was vain. The basket was opened; the eleven babes and their father "eyed each other with amazement on both sides." The children were reared in privacy, and subsequently presented to their now repentant mother. From this time the family took the name *Hund*, or hound. It was one of the race, Johannes Wilhelm Hund, that founded the monastery at Taxa. The site of the building was pointed out to him by a miracle; a hen laid in an unusual place an unusual egg, whereon was clearly visible a radiant star and, in the star, a woman's head crowned. The stone on which the egg was laid became the foundation-stone of the chapel, which was presently erected in the form of a star. The shrine was honoured with special marks of the divine presence, and rose accordingly to be a noted place of pilgrimage.

All the miracles of Lourdes will be

found anticipated in Abraham's story. These things recur with a strange persistency; because they are history, or in imitation of it, they repeat themselves. Take a few examples. Maria Neisnerin of Basenbach was rent by a mad cow, so that the flesh and skin hung down on either side of her throat, while there was a large hole in her gullet, through which whatever was poured into her ran out again. Such was her condition that the sacrament could not decently be administered. She vowed a pilgrimage to Maria-Stern and speedily recovered. Georg Marquard of Freysing had been bent and crippled with rheumatism for a year, being scarcely able to keep himself up on two crutches. As no remedies availed to help him, he too vowed a pilgrimage to the shrine at Taxa. From that moment he grew daily better, made the *kirchfahrt*, or journey to the church, and left the crutches behind him there. Maria Stadlmayrin of Sainbach fell stone blind; for fourteen days not a gleam penetrated her darkness. She vowed a mass and a journey to Maria-Stern. Immediately she perceived a little light, and in a few short days had regained her full power of vision, as the whole village testified. Barbara Griessin lost her hearing, so that for four years she was inaccessible to the sound of the loudest bells. In vain did she resort to various places of healing; it was the Divine will that redress and comfort should be withheld. At last she undertook the pilgrimage to Taxa; whereupon, the very day of her coming, her hearing was perfectly restored, and the whole neighbourhood bore witness to the fact. It is with such matter that the pages of GACK, GACK, GACK, GACK A GA are chiefly filled, matter suggestive enough to students of psychology as well as consoling to the believers in special providences.

Though JUDAS DER ERTZ-SCHELM is the book on which Abraham expended most labour, its four parts filling as many substantial volumes, it is not his greatest achievement. His characteristic weaknesses are all represented, while his merits are less conspicuous than elsewhere, because hidden amid a tangle of irrelevancy. Like other works of his, this was partly intended, as the title-page sets forth, to supply preachers with materials and illustrations for their discourses. Taking as a basis the legendary story of the traitor Judas, son of Ruben and Ciboria, the author uses its various incidents as pegs on which to hang moral or religious lessons. Thus the unhappy marriage of Judas's parents leads him to formulate precepts for husband and wife, and advice for those "whose teeth water for wedlock." Judas fled when the psalms were sung; the truth is enforced that devout singing is an angelic employment. Judas, it appears, thrust himself into the first place at the washing of the apostle's feet, and refused precedence even to St. Peter; hence comes a long dissertation on arrogance. Judas was negligent of prayer; its efficacy is thereupon extolled. The scope afforded by this method of treatment is plainly wide, and one begins to wonder whether any end is contemplated or, humanly speaking, possible. Certainly when the fourth volume closes with a note on the necessity of suffering and the need of patience, the reader finds himself a conscious proof of an obvious proposition. We suspect that Abraham, like many divines, stopped because he had exhausted, not his subject, but himself.

The two latter parts of JUDAS DER ERTZ-SCHELM were written at Vienna, whither Abraham returned in 1689, to take up his abode once more in the

monastery of St. Loretto, of which he had been prior. Higher distinctions now awaited him. In 1690 he was made Provincial, and two years later Definitor in his Order. That he retained his vigour in old age may be inferred from the fact that at sixty-two he composed a mystery-play for performance before the Court. On November 25th, 1709, he became aware that the gout, from which he had long suffered, had made fatal inroads on his strength, and he received the holy sacraments. From day to day he grew weaker, until on the morning of December 1st, seeing that the end was now come, he caused the sacrament of the altar and supreme unction to be given to him. He then bade his attendants take the sacred scroll from the cross, and grasped it firmly. As the Angelus bell was ringing at noon, he passed quietly away and the scroll could with difficulty be extracted from the dead hand: "*Ware also solcher Tü!,*" says the contemporary biographer, "*ihme ein Schuld seines ewigen Heyls* (in the sacred name lay his assurance of everlasting salvation)."

Of Abraham's folly enough has been said: if he was somewhat of a buffoon, so was the Protestant Schupp; that he was an honest man, has never been doubted; of his credulity he has himself furnished abundant testimony. It might be contended that credulity is the gravest of faults in a teacher of the people, and that Abraham's quality was superstitious rather than religious. It should, however, be remembered that the most sceptical of us believe much more than we can prove, and that it is the normal course of history that the faith of one age should be accounted superstition in the next.

W. GOWLAND FIELD.

COUNTRY NOTES.

III.—THE INN

It stands on the common, five minutes' walk from the Village and as many steps from the quietest of high roads. The red glow of the autumn sunset fills the crazy porch, the low bar, and the parlour, and dyes the irregular outbuilding and the fading garden; in front is the disused windmill, and behind, the long stretch of level evening country with the light from the sky lying on its quiet breast like a caress. On one side of the house, the common's one tree bends over the common's one pond, with its late leaves motionless in the sunset stillness; on the other, a row of crooked cottages stands darkly against a darkening east. The rude sign of the White Horse (long since black) may be seen dimly above the porch; an old dog, waiting perhaps for some convivial master within, and soothed by the quiet of the highway and the evening, has fallen asleep under a bench. A Protestant van, sent to assist a Protestant emissary to disseminate Anti-Popery tracts among the villagers, stands tenantless in the stable-yard, where a benighted hen or two are still looking for the corn the Anti-Popery horse should have dropped from his nose-bag. A cottage-door opens with a flicker of yellow light into the still red evening and a very small child in a very small frock with a very large beer-can, comes up to the Inn, tiptoes to reach the door latch, admits herself within and a sudden sound of voices into the night, tiptoes to shut the door, and shuts in with her the

lights and cheerfulness. A shepherd, with his dog at his heels, slouches up the highway, looks longingly at the place with its pleasant red windows, hesitates a moment, and slouches on. Far off, a foolish cock crows foolishly. The sound of wheels at a long distance, and then of voices, tells that the market in the country town has been over this half-hour and that the marketers are returning. The after-glow fades suddenly, like a joy, and the twilight deepens into night.

Within, the bar-parlour, already half filled, is pleasantly warm with a great fire of faggots on the hearth, and bright with cheery red curtains. It is furnished with a great beam across the low ceiling, some rather worm-eaten wainscotting, a long deal table, benches, a great chimney-seat, a wooden arm-chair, a bar, very bright pewter pots, advertisements of tobaccos and a Highland Whiskey, Arctic oleographs of icebergs and walruses, and a crooked almanac, two years old, representing a lady, in full evening-dress, embracing a young gentleman in a snowy forest. The atmosphere of the room is a cheery mixture of rustic beer and smoke, fustian clothes, and last Sunday's hair-oil.

Behind the bar, resting for a moment, is Mine Hostess, shrewd and rather Puritanical of aspect, invariably dressed in mourning, because it gives one such a stamp among one's acquaintances to always look as if one had just lost a relation, stern and not unkindly, holding pronounced and

gloomy views on the question of drink, and "a parsil o' fools a-fuddlin' themselves," and yet keeping the house because one must live and "if you don't keep it, it'll get someun worse." An old gaffer has taken the chimney-seat that he may pile up the fire surreptitiously when Mrs. Jenks is not looking. In the only armchair before it, one William is smoking a long pipe very slowly, and looking into the flames with a misleading air of wisdom and meditation. Some white-headed Jock, with the smock frock and simple soul of a bygone generation, takes his half-pint contentedly in a corner alone. Two friends are treating each other, with a kind of idea that it must necessarily be cheaper to pay for another person's drink than for one's own; they sit together, looking each into his pewter-pot as its contents disappear, in complete silence, with the notion that they are really convivial and enjoying themselves.

There is a good deal of desultory conversation from a little group at the long table. Presently a heavy, simple individual, some twenty years old, and an agriculturist by his boots, gets up from it to announce that "I'll have one more half-pint, and so I will, Missus." But Mine Hostess, who lives up to her honest lights after all, tosses him back his halfpence scornfully and says, "You go back to your wife while you can walk straight, you stoopid fool, you." Thereat two of Jim's friends, who have had experiences of the Missus's ways in their own cases, wink at each other slowly as Jim goes. A literary person, or at least a person who has not been clever enough to evade an education so successfully as some of his friends, draws out an old newspaper from his pocket, spreads it out on the table, puts down his pewter pot on the top of it to keep it in place, and is about to respond

with a nice murder to a rather feeble and indifferent chorus of, "Give us a bit o' noos, Samm'l, give us a bit o' noos," when the usual village politician, who has been biding his time behind a cloud of tobacco-smoke, gets up heavily, bangs with his fist once on the table, as if he bore it a grudge, and then, to attract as much attention as he can, bangs again and starts off, "Feller-countrymen," as usual. Not a bad looking man is Graves. Five and forty years old perhaps, just a shade more intelligent than his companions and with a certain gift of the gab which has amused himself, and done no harm to any one else, for the last twenty years. No one listens to him particularly; no one has ever listened to him very particularly perhaps. Mrs. Jenks indeed behind her bar clatters about her pewters rather aggressively, her own political opinions being summed up in the notion that "the old leddy [she always speaks of an August Personage by this term and respects her infinitely] 'ud get along quite as comfortable without any o' them fools o' men a-chatterin' at her." The surreptitious old stoker in the chimney-seat, who is not listening at all, and has never listened, says "Ang-core! Ang-core!" loudly every now and then, to give himself an opportunity of routing at the fire unnoticed. An elderly gentleman, of disposition perfectly tranquil and beery, reaches out an agricultural hand to steady his mug, when the orator, with a superlative thump on the table, announces that "the Constitootion is rotten to the marrer," and an ill-advised person in the background enquiring what may be the marrow of a Constitution, Billy Graves thumps again and says that whatever it be, it's rotten, and "we" are not going to stand it. Every one says "Hear, hear!" at this, with the idea that it is the right

thing to say and commits them to nothing.

Then there is a short silence. The fire crackles and splutters; the lamp flickers not uncheerily; Mine Hostess draws the red curtains over the windows and the night. Old Jock from his corner, in his simple toothless speech, begins reminiscences (much dreaded by the company) to the effect that "*He* remembers when there weren't no Constitootion to speak of, and the Queen was a little gal, and wages was that pore and ——" till he is interrupted by Samuel, who has spelled out his murder to himself during Graves's oration, turning over his newspaper with a crackle, and replying laconically to someone's question if a local sale has come off yet, "In course it ain't, stoopid." William and a friend discuss a neighbour's flitting and the market-price of pigs, which interests them much more, as it interests every other person in the room, than the fate of kingdoms or the government of a State. The stoker will take another pint ("which is number two, Missus,") and Mine Hostess hands it over to him, with her usual grudging air of a person who receives no benefit thereby. The orator recommences, with more thumps, to an audience perfectly placid and tranquil, and the enquirer, who wished to be informed on constitutional marrows, fast asleep, and snoring slightly, with his honest red head on the table. Graves has proved in five minutes, and to his own entire satisfaction, the absolute necessity for the complete abolition of the Royal Family, the Church, and the House of Lords, when someone, who is much too little to reach the door-latch, which has to be raised for her by Mine Hostess, comes in with her tumbled, curly head, and one small, shy, grubby hand plucking at the little skirt of her red frock, runs up

to the orator, and rubs her fat face against his denouncing arm to inform him, in her broken language, that Dick is sick and Mother desires his immediate return. Accordingly Vindictive Justice (who is, it may be surmised, a little less harsh than his words) with Peggy in his hand, is out of the house before the earliest of the marketers (whose cart-wheels someone first heard while the Archbishops were being abolished) has entered it, though not before Mine Hostess, who has never had a child, has had time to draw Peggy for a minute behind her bar, leave a rough kiss on the little curls, and put into a very red little hand a packet of very sticky sweets. The softness which Peggy brings, and all little Peggies, perhaps, can bring, to the hard face of the woman who has never had a child, is gone before the most prosperous farmer of the place (as farming goes nowadays) precedes quite a little crowd of marketers into the cheerful thick atmosphere of the bar-parlour; and Mrs. Jenks is looking sharply after her change, and telling all and sundry, "If there's such a lot of you want a glass all of a hurry, why, you must drink out of the pewters as t' others have done with, and not give yourself no airs." No one, as a matter of fact, does give himself airs in this respect.

The room is quite full of people now, and one or two of its first occupants leave it. The stoker makes way at the fire for an old country-woman who has been selling eggs and butter, and chickens at ninepence a piece all day, who is nearly eighty years old, has been up since four o'clock in the morning, and is as shrewd at a bargain, as coarse of speech, as rough of manner, as ignorant and as honest, as she has been any time in her simple life. She throws a condescending word now and

then to the stoker,—she has always been twice the better man of the two—lights her old pipe and smokes it with perfect unconcern and enjoyment, showing that her faculties are still pretty sharply on the alert by contradicting quite pleasantly and laconically any erroneous statement which reaches her from the other side of the room. Here a couple of small farmers, already half fuddled, talk over the purchases of the day and go to sleep in the process. Another who holds the neglected farm by the church, and a dubious moral reputation, stands by the bar, leaning his arm upon it, taking his beer slowly and looking about the room with his coarse, shifty eyes, the low type of a low class, mean, sensual, idle, whom education and a more scrupulous public opinion have yet to influence. Old Joe, from the Shop, announces confidentially to Mine Hostess, that "It 'ud give you the jumps, Mum, it would indeed, if you could spare time to go and see how they sets out their wares at them places." A girl who has come home, perhaps for a first holiday, from a first place, who is sixteen years old, very bright-eyed and simple, and of a refinement in dress and mind which would have been almost impossible in her circumstances if she had come into the world half a century earlier, looks round rather anxiously for her charioteer. He has to take her another five miles yet, and is now reading a local paper, with the flame of the tallow candle nearly burning his shock hair, and taking his beer quite leisurely. Hereupon the small farmer offers, in a rather low voice, to take Tina (sentimentally christened Clementina) the rest of the journey in his own gig, which is waiting outside in the darkness. But Mine Hostess, who is much too clever not to have caught the suggestion in spite of the noise of voices and the spluttering of

the fire, looks into the shifty eyes with her straight ones, and says sharply, "You get home by yourself and leave the girl alone, now;" which command, Mine Hostess's being an unlimited monarchy, the farmer meekly obeys.

Presently a woman comes in with a shawl over her head to fetch the beer for her husband's supper, exchanges a few words with one or two of the company, and goes out. Old Joe, in answer to a question, announces the time from a very old silver repeater as nine o'clock, "not to deceive you." Clementina and her charioteer go out into the darkness, the girl pinning her shawl closer round a pretty throat and nodding good-bye to the company. Someone draws aside the red window curtain and reports the night fine, the wind rising, and the moon not yet up. The stoker, with a surreptitious parting kick at the fire, opines that "his ole woman 'ull curse, that she will, if he don't get back now;" whereupon Sally, who has finished her pipe and is snoozing comfortably, rouses herself sufficiently to say cheerfully, "Sarve you right," which elicits a solitary laugh. Samuel tries to get up another political discussion and fails. A wretched girl creeps in with her jug and creeps out again, poor, dull, half-witted almost, with the sense of the coarse comments which follow her falling stupidly upon her brain. Old Jock in his corner wakes up slowly from dreams, perhaps, of a time when the world was not better, but simpler; when the country poor lived too often and too much like the beasts they tended, but when he was young and when Jeannie, who has remained to his old fancy young for fourscore years, was with him still. The red-headed "Marrer of the Constitution" (who is his great-grandson or his great-nephew, or some such relation, and quite disrespectful and fond

of him) says, "Come on, old 'un," and they go out together.

Mrs. Jenks announces closing-time with a snap of stern lips, and clatters some pewters to give emphasis to her remark. Sally gets up from her chair leisurely; a little group in a corner break up; Samuel folds and pockets his newspaper; the fuddled farmers, awed by Mine Hostess's eye, manage a tolerably clear "good-night," and get each other out pretty steadily somehow; a sleepy rustic rouses himself suddenly. Mine Hostess goes to the door to see the last of her guests safely off the premises, comes back to the parlour, lowers the lamp, blows out the candle, looks round the darkening room with a sort of sigh, which may be for her life, or some dead hope, or simply because she is tired and must be up betimes to straighten things in the morning. She bolts the door behind her, and the place is empty, with a dying fire flickering on the beamed ceiling, on the disordered chairs and table and the bar, and on ghostly

shadows, perhaps of the simple people who have sat in the place to-night. Here at least, clear enough, is the old chair where Jock sat, and many other simple smock-frocked old Jocks have sat in their time, and, after a very little while, will sit no more for ever. A spark leaping up to, and reaching, a half-burned faggot shows the table where fell the simple shock head of the sleepy rustic, who had no learning himself and mistook other people's for a lullaby; his day too is dead almost, and better dead, no doubt. Here is the place where Tina stood,—Tina who did not know much and was considered by many comparatively enlightened persons invaluable for domestic purposes in respect that she did not know more. A last sudden flame rises and flickers like a hand waving a farewell; the embers blacken; the simple ghosts sink back into the shadows whence they came and the fire is as dead,—as a Past.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

A GENTLEMAN OF SPAIN.¹

THE very curious book which was published by the Society of Spanish Book-lovers (*Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles*) in 1888, under the title of MEMOIRS OF DON FÉLIX NIETO DE SILVA, MARQUIS OF TENEBRÓN, lay hid for well nigh two centuries in manuscript. The original remained in possession of the representative of the family, the Duke of Moctezuma, but some curiosity must have been felt about it, for at least one copy was made, which came in due course to be described in the catalogue of a sale by the name of MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCK OF FRANCE. The vigilant eye of some Spanish book-lover, perhaps Don Antonio Cánovas himself who wrote the introduction to the printed edition, fell upon it. In a happy hour he was tempted to look further, and was rewarded by one of those pieces of good fortune which do occasionally come to the pious student to whom

Things long past over suffice, and men
forgotten that were.

The title in the catalogue proved on inquiry to be sufficiently accurate, and yet the manuscript contained what it must have rejoiced a true Spaniard to discover, namely, the vivacious portrait of a very valiant gentleman of Spain, who lived in the obscure times of the decadence in the later years of Philip the Fourth and the reign of Charles the Second (*El Hechizado*, the Bewitched), but who,

though born in evil days, was a model of the best qualities of his race.

The Rock of France (*La Peña de Francia*) is the highest peak of the Sierra de Francia, a spur of the Sierra de Gata. It is almost due south of Salamanca, and east of Ciudad Rodrigo, stands some five or six thousand feet high, and commands a wide view towards Portugal on the west and the mountains of Avila on the east. Here, during the reign of John the Second of Castile, a French Franciscan found in a cave near the summit an image of Our Lady, having in fact been duly instructed to that purpose by her in visions, and after many wanderings. The history of the invention was written at large by the Licentiate Don Jaime de Portillo y Sosa, Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Guatemala, in the ninth chapter of his chronicle of all the wonder-working images of the Virgin which there are in the world. The image was believed to have been hidden by Christian fugitives at the time of the Moorish conquest. Be this pious supposition true or not, the shrine became famous, and a Dominican house and church arose on the very summit of the mountain. They stand in a ruinous condition now, but are still a place of pilgrimage, though the image revealed to Simon Vela has vanished no man knows where; at least no man says, though it is believed that there are inhabitants of the town of Sequeros, at the foot of the Sierra, who could tell if they would. They are indeed grievously suspected of having stolen that image, not from piety, but for

¹ MEMORIAS DE D. FÉLIX NIETO DE SILVA, MARQUÉS DE TENEBRÓN, &c., &c. Published by the Spanish Book-Lover Society; Madrid, 1888.

the lucre of gain because the pilgrimage interfered with their fair. One is glad to know that they have done themselves no good.

We must begin with Our Lady of the Rock of France, for to her we owe the memoirs of Tenebrón. In his latter years, when he was governor of Oran for the King, he decided to set down for the edification of his children all instances in which My Lady, as he calls her, had saved his life. He had a peculiar devotion to this shrine, and this virgin. He appealed to her for help, and attributed all the good fortune of his life to her; what did not redound to her honour he does not think worth telling, but as he saw her hand in well nigh everything, we get his life told with no small detail. It is no regular narrative which we have from him, but a succession of instances of God's Providence interposing on his behalf, written not by a Scotch Covenanter or English Methodist but by a Spaniard who worshipped the Virgin of the Rock, as a pagan worshipped the goddess of his tribe and people, and who moreover was no anxious fanatic, but a man of the world, a noble, and a soldier. A peculiar charm is given to the book by the song of praise which ends each story, commonly in the formula "*Benditá sea la Virgen de la Peña de Francia, y su misericordia* (blessed be the Virgin of the Rock of France and her mercy)." It is pious, it is melodious with a certain cheerful cadence, and it is brought in with a manifest simplicity of heart at the end of stories which our shamefaced modern piety is surprised to find leading to a litany.

Félix Nieto de Silva was the younger son of the Count of Alba de Yeltes (also Don Félix Nieto de Silva) and Doña Isabel de Saaz y Coloma, and was born in 1635. The family was of old descent, a branch of

one of those stocks of nobles which were common to Castile and Portugal. Saaz, the name of his mother, is the well-known Portuguese name *Sã writ* large, and we have his own evidence that he spoke the language as fluently as his own Castilian. The estates of the family were in the country about Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, and it seems to have possessed houses in both towns. The elder brother Don Luis gained an evil reputation for himself as Corregidor of Zamora, from 1651 to 1653. Don Antonio Cánovas has printed at the end of the Memoirs a long string of complaints brought against Don Luis by the people of the town when his government came to an end. If the townsmen of Zamora did not belie their Corregidor, he must have been indeed one of the most perverted cavaliers of the reign of Philip the Fourth. He made very free with the wives and daughters of the poorer citizens, and was very ready to proceed to violence towards their husbands and fathers. To the profound scandal of the Bishop he brought friends "in yellow satin" down from Madrid. It may surprise English readers who think that all Spaniards trembled before the Church, to learn that, when the Bishop rebuked the Corregidor for the open scandals of his life, his paternal reprehensions were treated with audacious contempt. Don Félix made his appearance as a fighting man under the patronage of this brother, but in a way which he has not thought proper to record in his memoirs, no doubt because, as Don Antonio Cánovas says, he could not see the hand of the Virgin of the Rock guiding him in this action. In pursuit of one of the Corregidor's quarrels, Don Félix felt himself called upon as a good brother to challenge, and all but mortally wound, one Don Alonso Polomino, a highly respectable gentleman of Zamora. The piety for

which Don Félix was conspicuous did not make it incumbent on him to abstain from taking the "satisfaction of a gentleman." More than once he speaks of being under arrest on account of a duel. Yet these passages belong to the *tollo*, the wild time of youth, which, as he remarks later in life, is infernal. In after years he was more disposed to arrange the quarrels of others than to make them for himself. At the time when he fleshed his maiden sword on Don Alonso Polómio, he must have been between fifteen and eighteen. The honourable profession of arms was the obvious career for such a youth, and he naturally found employment in the frontier war which had begun with the revolt of Portugal in 1640, and was dragged out by the weakness of both sides, and the pertinacity of Spain, till 1668.

Though Don Félix says nothing of his share in his brother's misgovernment of Zamora, he does not pass over his own early youth without quoting instances of the merciful intervention of Our Lady of the Rock on his behalf. They show that spirited Castilian boys of the middle of the seventeenth century were very like English boys of the nineteenth.

When I was about nine or ten [he says] I was at school at Salamanca, and lived in the house of my aunt, Doña Maria Coloma, my mother's sister, and we went for the winter to a village of hers, called Cubo. My aunt had two sons, Don Alonso, who afterwards was my son-in-law, and his brother Don Diego, and we were all at our Latin grammar; and one afternoon we went, all three, out of the village, and saw the herd coming, and my cousin Don Alonso seeing the father-bull said, "*Yo quiero torear* (I will course the bull)." Then he got on a she-ass, and my cousin, Don Diego, said, "I will carry your spears."¹ And he took some

sticks from the hill-side, and put them on his shoulder. Said I, "Then I will call the bull." And I took out my handkerchief, and went to the bull and called him [by flapping the handkerchief in defiance]; and so soon as he saw me he rushed at me at full gallop, and when he was just upon me, I know not whether I fell or was thrown down by my guardian angel. I fell down by a furrow on my face, and the bull, it seems to me, bounded over me, and gave a snort, and passed without goring me. I lay quiet, and he went towards the open country, and after giving four or six bounds, he turned, and looked at me and bellowed, and then he went on his way, and stopped again, and again looked at me bellowing, and doing this many times, I lying quiet; he moved away from me until it seemed to me that I could escape, and I waited till such a time as he was about turning towards the country, and so soon as his face was away from me I got up and ran to the village, whereby I escaped. *Bendita sea la Virgen de la Peña de Francia y su misericordia.*

The child in Don Félix was father to the man. As he is in this story, so he is all through. There is always the same readiness for an adventure, the same alacrity to take the most dangerous place, and when in it, the coolness to do the right thing, and keep his wits about him, with at the end the pious thanks to the Virgin. His memoirs go on like the bull, *brincando*, bounding from one miracle to another. Shortly we find him serving as captain of cavalry at the siege of Badajoz in 1658, and there we have a curious story from him containing something of Bunyan and more than a little of Don Quixote. The siege was bloody, and Don Félix passed his nights on the ramparts. One morning on coming off guard he had been ordered at once to go on fatigue-duty (*salir á fagina*), so that he had had no opportunity to confess. In the afternoon he went towards the Church of St. Francis to fulfil his religious duties. Now the devil, who does not sleep, had so arranged it that

¹ The *remores*, or short spears, such as are used for pig-sticking, which were the weapons of the *toreador* who killed the bull on horseback.

various young captains were sitting in the shade of the porch. Don Félix must already have had a reputation for piety, for he was greeted with accusations that he was on his way to the confessional, and not without a certain jeering insinuation that it was no proof of manhood in him; and "I, miserable sinner," he says, "did in fact, after a sort, deny my faith, saying I was going to see about sending a letter to Castile." Here he inserts a passage of self-reproach, and of warning to his sons, bidding them beware of the common folly of the world which thinks a man the less brave because he performs his religious duties. Putting mere differences of dialect aside it is precisely what any religious Englishman of the time would have said, whether he thought and fought with Falkland or with Cromwell. Yet his pious purpose urging him, Don Félix was going into the church, when an orderly brought him the news that the cavalry were ordered out. After a night of guard on the ramparts, fatigue-duty in the morning, and loss of his *siesta* because he wanted to confess, he had now an afternoon in the saddle, and to finish all was left in command of an outpost with a promise from the General, Don José de Larreátegui, that he should be supported if attacked. He was attacked, and was not supported, for so admirably did the generals of Philip understand their business, that Don José de Larreátegui forgot all about the outpost. There was nothing for it but to cut their way back to the city as well as they could. It was in this scene of confusion that our author was favoured with the most indubitable miracle of Our Lady of the Rock which he has to record. He had lunged at the face of a Portuguese, had missed, and before he could recover his opponent returned the lunge. The weapon of

the Portuguese, a long supple sword, entered beneath the arm and came out at the neck, so that it passed against the side of his face. "*Ah! cornudo que me has muerto* (Ah, you have killed me, you cuckold)," said Don Félix, thinking, as he well might, that his last hour had come. Yet he fought for his revenge, and at last compelled the Portuguese to let go of the sword, which remained fixed tight all through the rest of the skirmish, though Don Félix cut his fingers badly in trying to pull it out. When at last he reached support he called upon one of his soldiers to rid him of the sword, which the man did by taking it with both hands, and pulling it with all his strength. Then Don Félix sent for a priest, and made his confession, thinking that surely he must be dying. Yet when the breast-plate was at last taken off it was found that the sword had not entered his body, but had only cut him across the chest. After two months of hospital he was as well as ever. The story, which reasonably enough passed for wonderful, was told to the King, who thought it showed great valour. "To me," says the hero, and his words carry conviction, "it did not seem so, for I was not afraid, nor have I in my life been more master of myself, foreseeing and executing everything that turned out so well for me, since I escaped. And to ride through so many horsemen, whom I could not count for they were in no order, but I am persuaded there were more than five hundred of them, I being alone, and with the sword hanging at my right breast, and it being necessary for me to break through them, giving and taking,—one sees clearly it was a manifest miracle, and not courage."

Don Félix notes in another place that he had his touches of Don Quixote, and this story proves he was right. A man of the cold North

would have preferred the common-sense course of having the breast-plate taken off to get rid of the sword. The Spaniard, convinced that he was mortally wounded, behaved like a Knight of the Round Table, had the spear drawn out of the wound, and made his confession.

One kind of Protestant critic would no doubt be shocked by discovering that "the mariolatrous Spaniard" looked upon the Mother of God as an excellent partisan cavalry officer, attributing to her his good management in the recovery of a herd of cattle carried off by the Portuguese. He had gone in pursuit with twenty-five men, and came up with the enemy just as they were crossing a river. The Portuguese left the cattle in the ford, and rode across. His men were eager to recover the booty, but Don Félix, watching right and left with vigilant eyes, had seen two little spirals of dust floating up from behind some rocks on the other side. He suspected a trap, and halted his men; they were convinced that the dust was raised by the cows scraping the ground, but not so their commander. He put it to the test by detaching his lieutenant towards the ford with six men. Before they reached the cattle two bodies of Portuguese were seen coming round the edge of the rocks. "Somebody fire a pistol," cried Don Félix. At the sound of the discharge the lieutenant turned, and was recalled by signal. Now, said Don Félix, "what think you, did the cows scrape well?" Then the Portuguese tried another wile. A part of them marched out up the river, and the commander sent him a message saying that he might have the cows, for they did not want them, but were in search of horses. In vain was the net spread in the sight of Don Félix; he stood steady, and once more contrived to draw the enemy by means of a detach-

ment. At last the Portuguese gave it up as a bad job, and the cattle were recovered. "*De buena sotana de palos nos ha librado Vmd* (your Worship has saved us from a good jacketting)," said his men, and Don Félix laughed the gratified laugh of the man who has made the critic see that he was in the right; "and so we returned, well pleased, seeing the good fortune we had had, which I justly attribute to the pious influence of Our Lady of the Rock. Blessed be her mercy and praised for ever."

With such leadership as unhappy Spanish gentlemen got in those days, and too commonly since, Don Félix could not always tell how they came back joyful from their adventures. In fact in his memoirs, as in almost all the rest of the history of Spanish fighting, it is wonderful to note the contrast between the courage and sense shown in such small affairs, and the hopeless blunders of the generals. The author says little of the greater operations, as his object is to tell only those of his own adventures in which he was helped by his patroness. Yet he tells us enough to show that, whenever a general was in the field, he was apt to be a person of the stamp of that Don José who forgot all about the outpost at Badajoz. Once when led into disaster he had to make the last desperate appeal to his men, which we can imagine coming from poor Admiral Montojo at Manila the other day: "*Hijos, perdidos estamos, y si nos hemos de perder huyendo, perdámonos peleando firme todo el mundo* (boys, we are lost; and since we are lost if we run, let us take it fighting,—steady all!)" It is an appeal to which the Spaniard, when decently led, will answer as readily as any man. On this occasion his command was almost crushed by numbers, and had finally to escape as best it could, *barajado* (shuffled up like a pack of cards) with

the prisoners. He himself got off in the *mêlée* by the help of his knowledge of Portuguese, but at the end he had to leap his horse down a steep bank to the river. The animal fell, and his right spur being entangled in the harness, his foot was dislocated, yet he crawled back on hands and knees to recover his sword, and finally swam the river. The piety of Don Félix was of the kind which trusts in God, and keeps its powder dry. In this very fight he had pushed out, to cover the infantry, to the last outlying point of sane valour. Beyond that he would not go for it was tempting God; and so having done his best for the general cause, he applied himself by hard riding, and hard hitting, to save his own command. It is pleasant to hear him speak of his men as "the most valiant that captain ever had;" and there is not a word to show that it ever struck him they were what he had made them.

It would be easy to go on with stories of Don Félix in the imminent deadly breach, but there is another side to his character. He had the humour, as well as the courage, of the true Castilian, and being a pious man thanked the Virgin of the Rock for both. One chapter (if chapter is the right name) of his record of Our Lady's mercies is written to show his sons how to behave when prisoners of war. In such circumstances, says Don Félix:

Many will try to pull your clothes.¹ You cannot well fire up;² yet if you are too meek every scurvy companion will crack his jest on you. Now see how I was inspired to do the right thing, when prisoner to Manuel Freire de Andrade. It happened that I being in company with various Portuguese officers in the

castle of Trancoso, there came a certain cleric, a worthy in spectacles, who was received with great respect. This person sat down with me in the window, and held forth about the rights of the King of Portugal. It was just at the time that our King was making the Peace of the Pyrenees with the French King, and was taking his daughter to be married to him. Now said the priest, would it not be better if your King married his daughter to ours, and then we could unite for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk.

Observe that to propose to a Castilian that the King of Spain should marry his daughter to the King of Portugal, was as if one were to suggest that Her Gracious Majesty ought to arrange an alliance with an uncrowned King of Ireland. But it was impossible to *echar ronca* when one was a prisoner of war, and to a priest. His patroness showed Don Félix a more excellent way. When the reverend man was done his harangue, Don Félix struck one hand on the other with the air of a man ravished with surprise; whoever has seen the grave air of the ironical Castilian, can see the gesture as with his eyes.

"What says your worship? What says your worship?" quoth the priest. Quoth I, "I say, most reverend father, that some angel hath brought your Reverence here. It can be no less." Quoth he, "How so?" Quoth I, "I will tell you. The most learned men on both sides have discussed these relations of Castile and Portugal without settling them; armies are debating them in the field, and yet the quarrel is on foot, so that neither arms nor letters have achieved this adventure. Therefore it cannot be, but that God has reserved it for two born fools, and it does not appear that there are any two more fit for the purposes than your Reverence and I, so that without doubt we will bring it to an end."

The priest retired in a rage,—small blame to him—and the Portuguese officers laughed consumedly.

This imprisonment had a curious

¹ Or as we might now say, to pull your leg.

² The Spanish expression is *echar la ronca*, to give the challenge of the stag.

end. Manuel Freire de Andrade was prepared to exchange his prisoner against a Portuguese officer, a kinsman of his own, then in the hands of the Spaniards. The government at Lisbon refused to consent to the arrangement on the ground that the Portuguese, Correa by name, was not a *fidalgo*, or noble, and that Don Félix was. Andrade being exceedingly angry at this, offered to allow Don Félix to escape. He, however, on second thoughts declined to accept the favour, seeing that it must bring his friend the enemy into trouble, but asked for leave on *parole* for fifty days to arrange an exchange. It was granted with many compliments by Andrade. Don Félix made his way to Madrid, but in the meantime a Portuguese, serving with the Spaniards, had been captured by his countrymen, and by them hanged and quartered as a traitor. The Government at Madrid threatened reprisals, and from Lisbon came the answer that Don Félix should be made to pay if any such thing were done. Here was a coil. The King's ministers told Don Félix that he was not to go back, and even let him know that he would receive a royal order to that effect. But he, having his touches of Don Quixote, replied that to take an order from the King which he did not mean to obey would be to show himself wanting in respect to his Sovereign. Go back he would,—firstly on the point of honour because he had given his promise as a gentleman to Andrade; and secondly, for the admirably rational reason that he might be taken prisoner by the Portuguese again, and then they would do him a displeasure for having broken his *parole*. Hanging for hanging, he preferred to swing as an honest man; *pundonor* (the point of honour) and right reason, which indeed generally coincide, were never better reconciled.

Happily the exchange with Correa was finally arranged, and Don Félix was free in person and in honour.

It may interest the Psychological Society to know that our hero had a communication from the dead, in fact from his first wife, Doña Jerónima de Cisneros y Moctezuma, who was also his cousin. It came in this way. He was in Madrid, preparing to go to a colonial governorship which had been given to him, little to his liking, for he would greatly have preferred to serve with the armies at home. However, it was not his custom to dispute the King's orders when honour allowed him to obey them, and he was making ready for his journey. At this moment there came to him a letter from one Maria de Pantoja, who had been nurse to his first wife and was a pensioner in his house at Alcántara, saying that the soul of her lady had appeared, had asked that the family would all take the communion on her behalf, and say certain masses to the Virgin of the Rock, and that her husband would come to see her. Don Félix received the message with the oddest possible mixture of unquestioning faith and an almost rationalistic common sense. That the soul of his wife might appear, if God so pleased, he never doubted. What did strike him was that, as it was so much easier for spirit to travel than for flesh, the dear soul might surely come to Madrid instead of making him go to Alcántara. He put the case to his confessor, who bid him write to that effect to the nurse. The message was duly sent, and there came back the answer that Doña Jerónima was not free to come to Madrid, but hoped that her husband would come to her, seeing that in her life he had always been willing to do her every courtesy (*finezas*). This appeal to his affection and honour was irresistible and, after further consultation with his con-

fessor, who was intensely interested in the story and desired to be informed of all that happened, he left his business at Madrid, and hurried to his house at Alcántara. The reader will hear without surprise that he did not see the ghost. Doña Jerónima had not appeared to Maria de Pantoja but to another servant in the house. Don Félix sent for the woman and they had several conversations. She adhered to it that not only had she seen Doña Jerónima, but that the ghost of the lady was then with her in the room. In vain did Don Félix endeavour to persuade the spirit of his first wife to reveal herself to him. That something was there he had no doubt; the only question was whether it was indeed the ghost of his wife, or of an evil spirit tempting the woman. Finally, he became persuaded of the truth of the vision, and listened reverently while the girl told him that she had seen the spirit of her mistress surrounded by angels, vanishing in a glory, leaving no more precise message for her husband than an exhortation to be a good man. This seemed a lame and impotent conclusion, but observe, while Don Félix was at Alcántara *Don Juan came to Madrid*. The italics are our hero's and they have a weighty meaning. This was the younger Don Juan de Austria, the son of Philip the Fourth and the actress Maria Calderon. Don Juan carried on a series of struggles with the Queen Mother and Regent, Mariana de Neuburg. When he came to Madrid on this occasion an attempt was made to murder him. Two years later he gained the upper hand, and it was found that he suspected Don Félix of being one of the would-be assassins. Then Don Félix was able to prove by the letters he wrote to his confessors and others, at Madrid, that he was at Alcántara at the time. For him there was no doubt that his Lady of the

Rock had again intervened, and that by her assistance his wife had withdrawn him from danger. We can at least agree that not many ghost-stories are much better authenticated, and that few appearances of the dead to the living have had better justification.

The latter end of Don Félix, who was created Marquis of Tenebrón for his services about this time, was characteristic. He wished to receive the governorship of Oran, but was disappointed by a court intrigue. The officer appointed, Bracamonte, led his garrison into a Moorish ambush within a few months, and was there cut off. Then the place being no longer worth having to any courtier (a race of persons for whom he had a noble contempt) it was given to Don Félix. There, as has been already said, he died at his post, deserted by his country, and supported only by his third wife whom no persuasion could induce to leave for a safer place than a town surrounded by Moor and Turk. Of the rest of the deeds of Don Félix Nieto de Silva, Marquis of Tenebrón, of the governorships he held in Galicia, Cadiz, and the Canaries, of his three marriages, and his children, of the quarrels he arranged, the enemies, and the famines he fought, are they not written in the book of his memoirs in the Castilian of a soldier and a gentleman?

It is a pleasure just now to look at such a Spaniard as this. The days are very evil for Spain, and one has to allow that it is largely, even mainly, by the fault of her sons. The fine qualities of the Spaniard, and he has many, do not work for good government. There is something in him which is not European, something akin to the nobler kind of Asiatic, the Rajput, the Arab, and the Turk. One would attribute it to the Berber blood left in him by centuries of Moorish rule, if one did not remember that he

was just the same man in the days of Hamilcar. The Spaniard who defended Numantia, who fought under Hannibal, who followed Viriatus, was exactly the Spaniard of Parma's famous infantry, of the defence of Saragossa, and of the bands of Mina or El Empecirado. No national character has been more marked, and more tenacious than his. Its faults are obvious to every criticaster,—a certain incapacity to govern or be governed, a tendency towards a tribal anarchy, a capacity for great ferocity in moments of passion, a liability to lose the advantage he has gained by violent spasms of fierce effort in a reaction of sloth. All this, and even more, may be objected against him. But the good things of the Spaniard are very real. They are not, it may be allowed, what a practical world admires. He is infinitely inferior to the American in them; if he were not he would hardly have left Manila in the condition which enabled Commodore Dewey to perform those remarkably safe and easy prodigies of heroism which have sent all the American, and some English, papers into hysterics of admiration. Yet at his worst he has never been vulgar, and has rarely been insignificant.

If we want to find what redeems him it cannot be better sought than in those *cosas de Don Quixote* which the Marquis of Tenebrón confessed in himself. Don Quixote was not only the madman who rode at windmills under the impression that they were giants; he was also a very fine gentleman, and his insanity was only possible to a man of great courage and cha-

racter. No base man would have been mad in such a way. The raising of the Spaniards in support of Philip the Fifth was a Quixotism, and so was the revolt of the whole nation against Napoleon. There were plenty to preach to him the homely virtues of submission to the strong on both occasions. To-day they are preaching at him again. It is easy to find texts. Being a man who needs those two simple things, which are yet so difficult to supply, a creed and a king, and both being in decadence, he has fallen into the hands of the attorney species. Therefore he has suffered much, and will suffer more. Some of us will talk to him of decaying nations; others who conceal the fear of blows (to call it by its right name) under a great profession of love for their "Anglo-Saxon kinsmen" will be copious in advice to surrender. Spain once defeated, the game of twisting the Lion's tail will go merrily on again, and the Jingoese, who clamoured for the liberation of Cuba, will once more clamour for the liberation of Ireland. Meanwhile the Spaniard, one trusts, will act in the spirit of Don Félix's appeal to his men, "If we must be lost, let us take it fighting." After all, there is a real wisdom in *gli eroici furori*, by which Spain decided her own fate at the beginning of the century. Because she has been careless, indolent, unwise, ill-governed, is that any reason why she should submit to wanton aggression? It is better to take it fighting: in that way honour is safe, and something may be rescued; but all is lost by surrender.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

MANY years ago Matthew Arnold discovered that the journey-work of literature was far better done in France than in England, and with the zeal of an enquiring philosopher he set himself to find a reason. Differences of race and habit were not enough. It was not enough that Voltaire and others had converted the French language into a well-ordered mechanism, which would obey even the half-practised hand. History, which might have traced the growth and decline of English prose, seemed a blind guide. Two things only were evident, that in France the common biography was handled with skill, that in England it was bungled with an ungrammatical maladroitness. How, asked the critic, shall we explain the difference? And, by a method of reasoning similar to that employed in Wordsworth's *LESSON TO FATHERS*, he answered "England has no Academy."

The argument is seductive by its mere simplicity. To abolish an imagined difficulty by a phrase is a temptation which few critics can resist; and yet one wonders that so wise a philosopher as Matthew Arnold did not turn a deaf ear to the siren of obviousness. Even if the superiority of the French be acknowledged, and the acknowledgment can only be made for argument's sake, the explanation is carelessly superficial. True, France has an Academy which England has not; but France has also a *Place des Vosges* and a stately procession of boulevards; and either of these architectural triumphs might be proved to exert as powerful an influence upon

literature as the opinion of the elderly gentlemen who meet every Thursday upon the *Quai Malaquai*. For, literature is a plant of wayward fancy, which flourishes as it will and where it will. The best intentions in the world will not aid its growth or check its development, and as the Academy has never aspired to be a hothouse, so the Academicians have seldom pretended to cultivate any other garden than their own. How, indeed, should a collective opinion foster the least of the arts or the humblest of the crafts? And the day-labourer above all ignores the authority of superior erudition. When Disraeli warned his countrymen against appealing from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many, he uttered a true, as well as a brilliant, epigram. But his thought was incomplete, and he might have added that the many had mediocrity for their certain birthright. A man of talent arrives at an intelligent opinion by his own road; but shut him up in a room with thirty-nine other men of talent, and it is certain that he will conspire with his associates to formulate an opinion which, being neither his nor theirs or anybody's, is inevitably foolish. So the history of the French Academy, which has rarely been composed of forty intelligences, is worthy all the study which industry cares to give it, but it is not the history of French literature.

The truth is that by its constitution the French Academy is incapable of controlling the literary destinies of France. Although its earliest function was to purify the language, it has frankly recognised that its labour

is Sisyphean. One edition of its portentous dictionary yields to another: the public libraries of France place the solid volumes upon their shelves; and there the matter ends. The law does not punish an infraction of the dictionary's usages by fine or imprisonment; and it is merely for their own amusement that the Academicians consecrate this word and condemn that. The very scheme was a scheme of impoverishment. No word, said the pious founders, shall be admitted within the covers of our book that is not sanctified by our approval; and so the old French dictionary was resolutely purified of colour and force, that the susceptibilities of a coterie might not be affronted. The principle thus laid down has been respected ever since, and the members of to-day's Academy are still resolute in the work of purification. But they waste their toil, not only because a law cannot be imposed without penalties, but because the most of men do not follow the example of Dr. Johnson's prude and consult a lexicon that they may discover what words are omitted. Moreover, the Academic dictionary can never claim the respect of scholars. Who would consult it when the masterpieces of Littré or Darmesteter were at his elbow? A lexicographer requires a host of talents which are wholly strange to the historian or journalist; and not even the contriver of cheap paragraphs would care to accept in a question of language the authority of M. Coppée or the Duc de Broglie.

Through its dictionary, then, the Academy has not exercised a feather's weight of authority. The furtive appearance of this harmless work is greeted with a smile of amiable indifference, and if the eighth edition never achieved completion French literature would not suffer even a momentary check. Therefore we must look further afield, to discover the secret of

Academic sovereignty. Doubtless the champions of the Institute will argue that as it is the ambition of every scribbler to wear a green-collared coat, so the scribbler is always ready to cut and hack his style to suit the Academic pattern. But here, also, there lurks a misconception. Leaving out of view the men of genius who, for obvious reasons, have never sat beneath the famous cupola save by accident, the chance of election is too remote ever to become a literary influence. Let us suppose that the men of letters in France number forty thousand at any given moment, and it is incredible that these heroes will suppress whatever personality be theirs to win a prize when the odds are a thousand to one against them. Nor when you narrow the purview is the power of the Academy more reasonable. Even though a certain lack of distinction is acceptable within the sacred walls, it is impossible to imagine a person of mediocre talent, who shall ape the manner of M. Francis Chalmes (shall we say?) with no better object than to occupy an honoured arm-chair. No, it must be confessed that the college of Richelieu does not check the extravagance of aspirants, and there remains only one method whereby the Academy might hope to exert a discreet tyranny. For many years it has been the great prize-giver of France. Eloquence, poetry, research, and even virtue are rewarded by the voice of the Forty, and, says the champion of this most respectable institution, it is by the proper distribution of awards that the Academy purifies the language and holds aloft the banner of literary art. No statement could be falsier. In the first place no man, whose books are worth examination, ever sat down to write that he might be crowned by the Forty. The crown may be awarded to a masterpiece, though that in itself is incredible,

but it will never be thus awarded because its author had in his heart the fear of reprobation or in his head a long list of grammatical rules. Moreover, the habit of examination and award proves that in these matters chance is stronger than merit, and while a book "crowned by the Academy" may find a hundred more readers in the provinces, it does not on that account win the approbation of the critical, or add a single leaf to its author's legitimate wreath of glory.

If, then, France's superiority be granted, we must seek an explanation outside the walls of the Institute. For the Academy is, so to say, an annex to the temple of literature, and it is vain to look for the sacred fire upon the parasitic altar. But this is not said in the Academy's reproach, since it is plain that the casual meeting of forty citizens must be essentially unimportant, and it is only the rashness of zealots which has ever charged this irresponsible body with wielding an influence. Having given a set of practical reasons why the Academy can only affect its own prosperity, we are free to return to first principles (always a tiresome enterprise) and to point out that forty writers, chosen by the balancing of parties, can never possess a collective opinion. One member, for instance, may have a clear judgment and an intrepid courage, but no sooner does he impart his view than it becomes matter for intrigue; and as nothing but compromise can express conflicting testimony, it follows that the Forty are seldom right. This failure, however, to understand the claims of talent is no crime; it is but the natural function of Academies, and possibly this particular Academy would never have cherished a false vanity had it not been indiscreetly praised for accomplishing tasks far beyond its reach.

Again, the Academy has been reproached on the ground that its forty members are frequently insignificant and undistinguished. The reproach is true in substance and false in reason. If you scan the lists of those who have occupied the famous arm-chairs between 1634 and the present year, you will find that the majority is absolutely unknown to you. Now and then, it is true, you encounter memorable names,—La Fontaine and Voltaire, Racine and Hugo, Chateaubriand and Lamartine; but who to-day remembers the unnumbered ecclesiastics, the trifling politicians, the pompous intriguers, who in their own age were powerful enough to open any door? In excuse it may be pleaded that there is no possible means of collecting forty men of genius underneath one roof, even if at a given moment forty men of genius lived and worked in the world. The Academy, in fact, could not compel the entrance of genius, unless it first recognised its existence, and in the way of recognition there lie a hundred hindrances. A man of genius rarely makes an immediate effect; and it would be strange indeed if forty citizens of literary tastes should discover prophetically the gifts of their contemporaries. Moreover the Forty are not anxious to make unpleasant discoveries. When Jules Simon defended his colleagues on the ground that they formed a club whose first object was to be select, he spoke the truth with a rare candour. He was no more anxious than his friends to encounter those brilliant wits who were ensured of immortality. A man of genius is doubtless a fascinating companion and a brilliant memory, but he would sit ill in the presence of a dictionary, and he would lower the standard of the club, which is nothing if not mediocre. So Dumas was excluded because he had

black blood in his veins; and no place was found for Balzac because he carried a load of debt upon his back; and if Victor Hugo accepted an arm-chair he accepted it (as he said) because he was a captain and wished to defend those who fought beneath his banner. Thus intrigue finished what a timid ambition began, until to enter the Academy is to know the right people; and since an election is managed by parties, it must always be an affair of balanced votes. The consequence is that at no moment has the Academy represented the best talent of France; at no moment will it ever represent the best talent. It resembles the *salon* of a great lady stripped of feminine influence. If you were permitted to open the door, you would meet forty of the "best" people, such as might greet you in the drawing-room of an enterprising duchess. But you would not feel abashed, as in the presence of surpassing talent. You would only notice that most of the faces were familiar, and experience the same kind of shock as thrills you at Madame Tussaud's or the Musée Grévin.

The Academy, then, exercises no influence, either good or bad, upon the literature of its country. Nor does it attempt to collect round its erudite table its greatest contemporaries. It is merely an exclusive club, whose members must satisfy a curious and difficult standard. None the less it is a distinguished and respectable institution, of which France is reputably proud. If we may apply Matthew Arnold's method of criticism, we would say: strip the Academy of its folly, injustice, and inconsistency, and you will find remaining a pearl of great price. In the first place the Academician is by no means an ungainly figure, and even France need not disdain his aspect. Being born, like the poet, and not made, he shares

certain characteristics with his colleagues, and he may easily be recognised by the curious. Before all things he must be respectable. There is no room in the Institute for draggle-tailed Bohemianism, and the habit of the tavern must be laid aside with all the venial sins of youth before the elect takes his place under the cupola. *Bene vestitus, mediocriter doctus*, the excellent motto of another learned body, aptly describes his qualifications, for the Academy loves nothing so well as gentlemanly behaviour tinted with literature. A book, or the promise of a book, is essential; but once the book is assured the Forty prefer to elect their members for some other quality, social or political, rather than for prowess in literature, which is its own reward. The Academy judges, like the world, that a book is all the better because its author is notorious in another field, and the Muse knows no more agreeable embellishment than a dress-coat. So that the man of fashion who knocks at the door has a far better chance of entry than the tattered poet who lives near the Odéon, and whose verses will be sung when the Palais Mazarin is in ruins.

In the next place the Academy is a pleasant link between literature and society, a link made all the stronger because half-a-dozen dukes are always ready to take their seats by the side of critic and historian. Indeed, the dukes are strong enough to constitute a party, and no election is safe until the candidate has conciliated their support. The dukes return from the drudgery of the dictionary to the Faubourg St. Germain with a justifiable glow of pride, and they carry back to their quarter news from the world of letters which, without their aid, might never reach it. But it is the Academy's greatest glory to have kept alive for two hundred and fifty

years an admirable tradition. As it is to-day, so it was in 1634 when the coterie, accustomed to meet in the house of Valentin Corrar, was raised by Richelieu to the dignity of a public institution; and since its foundation was laid in an age of formal majesty, it has preserved an elegance of manner even to the drab end of a drab century. It takes no step without an august elaboration. Its house upon the quay is so seldom visited by the profane that it has become a mystery, a symbol, as it were, of respectable literature; while its members, by wearing a distinguished and distinguishing dress, are marked off conspicuously from their less fortunate fellows. Moreover, ceremonial is the first and last duty of the Academy. It meets, it receives, it adds to its dictionary, it distributes prizes with that sublime air of obedience to law which claims respect for the most trivial action. The practical philosopher may call it useless (and uselessness is not the least of its virtues), but, despite the malice of detractors, it is one of the best excuses for pageantry left in Europe; and until France fulfils the prophecy of her generals and is erased from the map, it will remain an eminent privilege to wear the plumed hat and green collar.

But in nothing does the Academy prove its love of formality so clearly as in the ordained canvass and election of its members. For he who would enter the Palais Mazarin must not only fulfil the conditions of learning, behaviour and success; he must prepare himself for the contest by an insidious intrigue. He will not present himself at all (unless he be Emile Zola) without an assurance that one, or more, of the cliques, into which the Academy is divided, desires to support him. The attempt once resolved upon, the candidate proclaims his intention in a letter

addressed to the Perpetual Secretary, and then, even though he be the most notorious citizen of the Republic, he is forced to pay an official visit of solicitation to each of the Forty. The reason of this imperious law is plain enough. When the Academy was first established, Richelieu and the founders could not conceive that any man would be modest enough, or sufficiently contemptuous, to decline the honour of election. But ridicule and detraction dogged the institution from the first, and not only did St. Evremond and others make it the object of their satire, but it received an open insult from an elected member who refused the proffered armchair. Henceforth the humble visit became an obligation, and though many an anxious candidate be blackballed, the Academy itself may never again feel the shame of favours spurned. Doubtless the visits are an occasion for much mirth and no little embarrassment. It may be difficult for open hostility to present a tactful front before the effrontery of a "perpetual candidate." M. Zola soliciting the vote of M. Brunetière, his secular enemy, might be the material of a screaming farce, but of course the occasion is privileged, and possibly nothing save the conventional politeness passes on either side. However, once the visits are paid, the candidature is officially posed, and the aspirant can do no more than interest his friends until the day of election. Then he is chosen or rejected by a secret ballot, and since an absolute majority is a stern necessity, several votes may be taken without a practical result. The secret, as a rule, is admirably kept, and though for many years M. Zola carried but one voice, the name of his brave supporter was never known, and rumour did no more than murmur *Dumas*.

The candidate, even after election,

is not yet a full Academician. He must then be publicly received, and not until he has passed this ordeal is he permitted to exclude such words as offend him from the sacred dictionary. Nor is the reception a foregone conclusion. He who would join this most exclusive of all clubs must obey the rules without doubt or question. He must compose such an address as will not only occupy six columns of the *TEMPS*, but will also please his colleagues. M. de la Rochefoucauld, whose Muse was incapable of a sustained flight, never presented himself before the Academy because, said he, he could not make a discourse of half-a-dozen lines. And there is the case of M. Emile Ollivier, who remains a warning to reckless aspirants. Now, M. Ollivier was elected to an arm-chair just before the War of 1870 was declared. The campaign, of course, interrupted the pursuits of peace, and this statesman's reception was put off until such time as the French army should return from Berlin. Had the Emperor brought back victory, M. Ollivier would have been received with acclamation. But he was involved in the general ruin of defeat, and since he insisted upon respecting the memory of his master, the Academy insisted on turning a deaf ear to his discourse. So the discourse was never delivered, and though M. Ollivier is in one sense an Academician, he has never been received, and thus he stays without the fold. This example, however, is not commonly followed, and the routine is simple and familiar enough. Indeed, so rigidly are the forms observed, that from one ceremony you may infer them all, and the reception of M. Hanotaux, which took place some two months since, differed in no way, save by a touch of added magnificence, from the inevitable routine.

That M. Hanotaux should take his

seat beneath the cupola was pre-ordained. He was an Academician in the cradle, and his career has been largely devoted to amassing the proper qualifications. He has written a book, but it is not a very good book, and none could pretend that he is the most distinguished writer of his age. He is moderately learned, and he is France's only Minister of Foreign Affairs. Indeed, he seems to hold the office in perpetuity, and though Cabinet succeeds Cabinet, it is understood that M. Hanotaux is indispensable at the Quai d'Orsay. Whether or no he is a great statesman is as yet uncertain, partly because he has been overshadowed by Russia, and partly because the standard of French statesmanship is not lofty. But his respectability is impregnable, and he possesses in an eminent degree the qualities of the successful Academician. His election then, was certain, and his duties at his reception were simple enough. In the first place he was asked to provide himself with the proper costume,—a green embroidered coat, a white waistcoat, cocked hat, and sword: the curious, by the way, may note that the cost of this elegant dress is precisely six hundred and ninety-four francs. In the next he was required to compose a eulogy of M. Challeml-Lacour, to whose chair he succeeded. But here again nothing is left to chance. The eulogy is printed, read, and secretly approved long before it is delivered, and doubtless the Academician-elect supplies the material for his own biography, presently recited in the pompous tone of research by the scholar whose duty it is to receive him within the fold. However, a performance is none the worse for patient rehearsal, and this one is interrupted by nothing unforeseen. Since early morning the doors have been besieged by a thrifty mob which has no ambition itself to penetrate, but merely keeps a

place (at a respectable figure) for the fortunate ticket-holders. As the spectator enters the theatre, disappointment awaits him. He instantly discovers that there are no arm-chairs at all! Probably he has had a vision of forty chairs, each of which has been sat upon by no others than the dozen tenants who have held it in succession since 1634. But, alas, instead of separate chairs, charged with separate histories, there is but a row of common benches, backed and narrow and covered with a dingy green velvet. In one corner stands the newly elected, marked off from his fellows merely by an improvised desk which holds his papers. The officers of the Academy sit austere, like judges on the bench, while the spectators rise tier above tier, until some appear vaguely under the roof. The dignity of the well is reserved for the relatives of the victim, and a curious tribune, cut like a hole in the wall, is assigned to the President of the Republic. But on this occasion it is untenanted, for M. Felix Faure watches the triumph of his friend from a common seat, though his modest position is atoned for by the neighbourhood of a Russian Grand Duke, who is present, as in duty bound, to honour the patron (or the client) of his imperial master.

The ceremony is neither splendid nor exciting. Only those Academicians nearly concerned,—the elect, his sponsors, and M. de Vogué, who replies to his discourse—are in Academic costume. Nor is there anything in the harangue of M. Hanotaux to arouse enthusiasm. It is cold, dry, uninspired; Academic in the worst sense, it reveals neither the temperament of the author nor the character of the defunct. M. de Vogué, on the other hand, is human, interesting, almost eloquent. He addresses M. Hanotaux throughout in

the second person, and he reminds him narrowly of his life's incidents, as though he were an examining judge, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs were standing in the dock. Then the elegant mob files scrupulously out, conscious that it has observed the worthy performance of a formal duty. Indeed, dull as it is, it is done with that admirable exactitude that comes of habit. You feel that the drama is really impersonal, that those who speak are impelled not by their volition but by the weight of traditional authority, and that they might be transferred to another century without feeling the displacement too bitterly.

On such occasions as this, then, the Academy is seen at the highest point of its intelligence, for that other meeting, at which the Forty strive in turn to fashion anew the praise of virtue, is but an occasion of ridicule, and one still regrets that M. Meilhac, that master of farce, died a few months before the duty was his. The receptions, on the other hand, are pure ceremonials, for whose performance the Academy most worthily exists, and in the presence of such solemnity detraction seems to speak with the voice of envy. But the Palais Mazarin is not always solemn; like everything else French, it also has its humours, and for the moment the fun of M. Zola's candidature is irresistible. Now M. Zola neither deserves nor obtains the popular commiseration; to batter the doors of a private club, which declares its distaste for your society, is neither dignified nor valiant. But M. Zola is of those who are fired by opposition, and the more loudly the Academy declares its unwillingness to receive him, the more loudly will he knock at the padlocked door. This persistence in another cause might be admirable. The whole world outside France has

displayed a proud amazement at M. Zola's determination to clear Captain—but no, *la chose est jugée*, and we must not mention the forbidden name. And yet it is best to take the indiscretion of M. Zola in a spirit of raillery. After all, to possess a perpetual candidate gives the ancient Academy a lively impetus, and though the editor of *NANA* is never likely to sit upon the green velvet bench, he confers a kind of honour by his patient solicitude, and he has added an agreeable chapter to a rather dull history.

For it must be confessed that the history of the Academy is a trifle dull. There was a certain curiosity in its inception, because, though public institutions frequently decline into private coteries, it is only this once that a private coterie has been elevated into an excuse for national pride. But for the rest, it is but a record of intrigue and dissension, except when, like the happy nations, it has no record at all. Its patrons were august and unimpeachable. To Richelieu succeeded Séguier, and to Séguier the Great King himself, under whose auspices and those of Louis the Fifteenth the Academy enjoyed its conspicuous distinction. At the Revolution it suffered with the rest of France. Chamfort, himself a member, drew up an infamous indictment, and though a National Institute was established in the year III., and though Napoleon was its patron and autocrat, the Academy did not recover its ancient shape until 1816. Its career since Waterloo demands no comment. While the other institutions of France have undergone perpetual change, while Empire replaced Monarchy and Republic replaced Empire, the Academy has remained faithful to its

traditions and to France's, representing the average opinion with the same fidelity now as yesterday. The forty-first arm-chair, reserved in fancy for the man of genius whom the Forty exclude, has always been more illustriously tenanted than the chairs which are officially occupied. The energy of youth, however, has been spent in denouncing a body which intrepid youth, when once admitted to it, is eager to respect. St. Evremond and Chamfort, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Daudet have poured out their contempt in vain. But because the Academy has achieved in France a success of ceremonial, that is no reason why we in England should emulate its achievement. Of course forty men of letters might be driven into a vacant corner of Burlington House and asked to deliver speeches and award prizes. But the result cannot be contemplated with equanimity. An English Academy would lack tradition, behaviour, and the habit of centuries. It would be driven, perforce, to undertake the amelioration of literature, an impertinent task for which the most enlightened forty in the world would prove unfit. The college established by Richelieu has not often done good; it has been a hindrance rather than a stimulus to literature. But the French, who possess the genius of formality, have raised this useless institution to honour and glory; they have converted into a private club what might have become a national folly. Therefore let us give all possible credit to the heroes of the Palais Mazarin, and pray that we shall never make ourselves ridiculous by a sincere and practical form of flattery.

WILLIAM MORRIS.¹

A DEFINITIVE and authorised biography of William Morris is, we are told, being written by Mr. Mackail; but in the meantime the sumptuous volume published last year by Mr. Aymer Vallance is a very acceptable record of his many-sided activity. Still, big as it is, the book can only outline the different enterprises to which Morris put his hand. The list of his published writings alone (to which might be added many not yet published) would seem to fill the working measure of a much longer life-time than sixty-two years; yet beside being poet, sagaman, essayist and lecturer, Morris was an employer of much labour, the inventor of a new style in house furniture,—the first of his century—and an amazingly laborious and fertile designer with brush, pencil, and graving-tool. And in all these divergent fields of work the man was always one and the same; working in a dozen directions but throwing his whole nature into each; a radiating centre of energy, emitting always, if not light, at least genial heat. He was no great lover of the Bible, but one Biblical precept he exemplified to admiration: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

A German philosopher remarked acutely that man is never so completely himself as when he is playing, and Morris always worked as if he were at play. It was indeed the central assumption of all his

socialist theories that work is, or should be, just as agreeable as play; that play should be often simply a change of work; and that all really disagreeable work is *ipso facto* damnable and a degradation to humanity, which could and should be got over by the right use of machines. It was the pleasant creed of one who always had that taste for work which is the best recipe for happiness, when combined, as it was in the case of Morris, with ample opportunity to choose congenial employment. Yet, to do him justice, when he took up the propaganda of Socialism he struggled sorely with economic theories and statistics though almost pathetically incompetent to see the trend of them; and as often as he appeared on platforms to defend the Socialist cause, he was helpless in argument against men of the most commonplace ability. Morris was a bad reasoner, and like all bad reasoners, when logic was against him, got angry and resisted the conclusions instead of examining the premises. It is not difficult for anyone to show the futility of his schemes for the regeneration of mankind, if it be assumed that human nature is a constant quantity; but human nature has altered considerably almost within living memory, growing less able to endure the sight of wretchedness; and it is at least arguable that writings like those of William Morris may alter still further the objects of desire.

The sum of his teaching is this: if we would all work a little, and be content with comfort, there would be enough to provide comfort for every-

¹ WILLIAM MORRIS: HIS ART, HIS WRITINGS AND HIS PUBLIC LIFE: a Record, by Aymer Vallance. London, 1897.

body, and nobody need work too much. Thus there would be an end of luxury and misery, and as a matter of course art would grow up everywhere to beautify the whole of existence. Such is, so to say, the formula of his Utopia, essentially an artist's Utopia, essentially too the sanguine and roseate conception of one who had never been "*de lodice paranda attonitus* (hard set to find an extra blanket)." To paraphrase Juvenal a little, if Morris had lacked a servant and a decent lodging, the bloom would have been off his imaginings. He had much too original a nature to take his theory of life ready-made, and like everyone else who does not take his theory to order, he made one out of his own circumstances. It is all the more interesting on that account, but Socialists should remember that the gospel according to William Morris is designed for a world consisting of William Morrises. The same holds good of all Utopias and their designers, one would say; but Morris simplified the problem to an exceptional degree, because, having no interest in problems of governing, he did away with government altogether in his commonwealth. But some consecutive account of his life is necessary to show how, after revolutionising domestic decoration, he was led by logical steps to contemplate a revolution in society; and how, from being a poet interested only by the oldest and simplest tales, traditional settings for the broadest and least complex emotions,—interested in short by the mere beauty of life, its form and colour—he became by no sudden change but by gradual development, the preacher of an economic propaganda, and, in his own way, a martyr for conscience sake.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow in 1834; it is more important to remember that he matri-

culated at Exeter College, Oxford, in October, 1852, in the same term and at the same college as Sir Edward Burne-Jones. An intimate friendship grew up between the pair and lasted till death. Mr. Jones, as he then was, having decided to become a painter, left Oxford to settle in London; but Morris proceeded to his degree in due course. The influence of the place sank into his very fibres; the teaching, not of its professors, but of its more eloquent stones. He was in love all his life with earth, as he somewhere has expressed it, like a lover enamoured of the very skin and surface of what he loves; and beautiful buildings upon this beautiful earth were to Morris like ornaments upon a woman, things that spoke straight to his sensuous imagination. Oxford, and after Oxford Rouen and Amiens, were his first teachers, though he naturally studied them somewhat as a disciple of Mr. Ruskin. But when he went to London to join Mr. Jones, he fell like his friend under the influence of Rossetti, whom that friend described to him then as "the greatest man in Europe." It is a strong expression; but certainly the case of Rossetti supports strongly a recent theory advanced by an Italian writer. According to Signor Ferrero, a man of genius is a man who differs remarkably from his fellows; the essence of genius lies in difference rather than in superiority. The men who have most profoundly affected the mind or destiny of nations have been men of alien race, who owed their ascendancy to qualities not only admirable, but rare in their field of action; thus Napoleon was a Corsican, Cavour a Swiss, Disraeli a Jew, Bismarck, according to Ferrero, a Pole, and Parnell of English blood; and each succeeded from possessing what was deficient in the race among whom his lot was cast. Whatever one may

think of this theory, it is clear that Rossetti's influence was the dominant one in that artistic movement which has so profoundly influenced the imaginative work of the last half-century; and it is probable that the foreign strain in him enhanced by its mere strangeness the novelty and fascination of his genius. At all events the movement at the outset was stamped with something alien and exotic in character, and this is nowhere more noticeable than in Morris's earlier poetry; though none of the group, not even Millais, was more profoundly and typically British than this son of a successful man of business, who inherited not only the money, but the commercial aptitude of his father. It is true, as Mr. Vallance points out, that Morris introduced to the world the special mannerisms of that school. His first volume of verse, *THE DEFENCE OF GUINEVERE*, appeared in 1858, before any of Rossetti's books had been published. But Rossetti, like Morris, had contributed to the short-lived *OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE* of 1856; he had undoubtedly, as Mr. Vallance admits, circulated his poems in manuscript among the circle, and *THE DEFENCE OF GUINEVERE*, for good or bad, has more resemblance to Rossetti's poems than to the other work of Morris. *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON* which appeared in 1867, showed its author no longer employing a mannerism but a developed manner. In the earlier volume Morris had adopted either the ballad-form or the dramatic monologue; and real poetry was overlaid with a spasmodic and contorted delivery of the matter. The dramatic monologue especially demands a concentration which was never Morris's gift; and the more obvious artifices of Rossetti's method, especially the refrain, when used by Morris, failed entirely to produce

that haunting effect which lesser poets than Morris have so often achieved. But in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON* there stood revealed an unmistakable master of narrative verse; one whose telling of a tale was sweet, fluent, and lucid; who roused no strange thoughts nor flaming aspirations, but kept before the mind a continual stream of beautiful images that had the shadowy distinctness of dreams. *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* followed, being completed between the years 1868 and 1870. There is no criticism that would obviously apply to the one poem more than to the other, nor to any part of the work more than to the whole. These volumes of tales make up an immense body of verse, sustained at a high level both of conception and execution, but not rising to any sudden excellence of inspiration. They are poetry whose merit lies in the whole rather than in the parts. The story never flags, for Morris never did anything without being interested in it; but the voice of the narrator and his emotion are uniform, almost monotonous, never exciting. Morris is never lyrical; the passionate cry of the singer is not heard in his verse; neither Orpheus has it nor the Sirens in the songs that are put into their mouths. The only real lyric in *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* is the poet's own introduction which describes himself in language so curiously inapt to his later career.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my
due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring
rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

These verses have indeed the lyrical

note, the power to suggest something more than merely what the words say; but it does not recur. Nor is Morris ever dramatic, as the great epic poets so often are; he describes a scene or a passion rather from the outside; he tells you how Medea looked, rather than how she felt; he pictures wonderfully the tragic group of black-robed figures when Pelias is brought in slain by his own daughters; but the agony of their suspense is ill given by any words that he can put into their mouths. His later work is stronger in this quality: the slaying of Sigurd, for instance, gives the passion of the scene; but there after all the poet is re-handling what has already been told with astounding dramatic force. Morris has not of himself the power to condense a whole mood into one single utterance; the deliberate flow of his narrative is not interrupted by the sudden assumption of another's voice and heart. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Venusberg story, which inevitably suggests some kind of inner meaning, he attempts a generalised psychology; sketching the man's revolt from Venus, the human desire for a monopoly in love, not of the present only but of past and future. Yet this is an exception and does not show Morris's gift to the best advantage. For the most part he is simply a teller of beautiful tales, and in his method of telling them he follows unreservedly one of the two paths possible to a great artist. It was his clear opinion that work should be done rapidly; that the important thing was to retain the original fervour of conception, and that an artist who struggled too long with mere workmanship was in danger of finding the early freshness of his idea evaporated. He thought, like Dryden, that a poem should move easily, never suggesting constraint, in Dryden's own phrase "never cursedly confined." He carried this theory so

far that in one day the seven hundred and fifty lines of *THE LOVERS OF GUDRUN* were completed. Work done under these conditions has a charm of its own; it is almost always easy reading. But the resulting impression on the mind is always indefinite; one remembers an agreeable poem, but that is all; it does not bite deep. No line of Morris's except his refrain of the "idle singer" has stamped itself on men's memories; there is no single passage out of all his works that every one instinctively turns to. And indeed no durable work can be produced as his was; a man may in a jet of work write three or four hundred lines at a sitting and find them all good,—as Dryden did in his *ALEXANDER'S FEAST*; but he cannot go on writing poetry day after day at that pace without sinking into a dead level. Morris chose the easy way; any real artist can go on with happy industry doing nothing but the things he knows how to do, and avoiding difficulties wherever they rise up before him; and so all that he does will be artistic, will bear the genial stamp of the artist's pleasure in doing it; but *non sic itur ad astra*, not by such primrose paths do men scale the stars.

His poetry ranks with his other achievements, not above them. It is excellent in its kind but it is not the best kind, and there is more of the very best poetry available to everybody than any of us can exhaust. For that reason mankind owes Morris a lesser debt for his poetry than for the other employments of his artistic faculty. In decoration he did not, like Mr. Ruskin, confine himself to pointing out that modern taste admired for the most part what was hideous; he set to work to give the world the chance of buying something beautiful instead, and brought about not a fashion but a revolution. Fashion, which has nothing to say to

taste, is swaying back again, and the shops are doing their best to reproduce the beauties of early Victorian wall-papers with their ribbons and true-lovers-knots; but thanks to the work of Morris, educated people have no difficulty in buying almost anywhere things that are pleasant to live with and even beautiful.

Morris began his artistic career by apprenticing himself when he left Oxford to Mr. Street the architect; and though the connection was soon severed it was an appropriate beginning. Architecture was in his mind not so much an art as the master-art, to which all other arts appealing to the eye should be subsidiary. Everything that an artist could make should be judged, he held, by its fitness to decorate or furnish some building. A picture could scarcely claim to be considered for its own beauty or suggestiveness, but as a possible piece of decoration, and for that reason Morris disapproved exceedingly of much in modern painting. But in this branch of art his friends were setting what he conceived to be the desired example, so Morris let painting alone and made it his special mission to introduce beauty into those adjuncts of a house which had no primary pretension to tell a story or express an emotion. After his marriage he set to work, and built for himself his Red House at Bexley in Kent, and from that may be said to date the revived use of brick as a building material, which has rendered possible a reform in domestic architecture, and done so much to embellish London. It was the decorating of this house, in which his painter-friends helped, together with a realisation of the difficulties which presented themselves to any one in search of artistic adornments for a house, that suggested the organisation of the firm, Morris, Marshall,

Faulkner and Co. The prospectus announced, says Mr. Vallance, that "a company of historical artists had banded themselves together to execute work in a thoroughly artistic and inexpensive manner, and that they had determined to devote their spare time to designing all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature." Furniture and stained glass came first, and the firm for a long time claimed no monopoly of their designs, which were widely imitated. A resolution was taken after some time which a good deal limited their usefulness in the matter of glass. Morris, profoundly impressed with the iniquity of putting bad modern glass into old buildings, set an example of a self-denying ordinance and declined for some time to accept orders for any but modern churches. In the matter of furniture no such trouble arose, and each fresh demand produced new arts. Tiles were wanted for buildings, but none could be got of satisfactory design and quality, so tile-making was begun. It was the same story with wall-papers, weaving and dyeing; the firm found that in order to get what they wanted they had to make it. As each fresh handicraft was started Morris dabbled in it himself, and never designed without practical knowledge of the material conditions under which the design had to be executed. He and his friends impressed upon all the productions of the firm that character which they valued in medieval work,—a serious and solemn beauty. Japanese and Chinese art seemed to them lacking in this quality. What can you expect, said Morris, of a nation like the Japanese, who can have no architecture because of the constant earthquakes? While admitting the Oriental deftness of hand and sense of effect, he would not allow that Europe could learn from Japan; European art, when

it exists, must of necessity, he held, be distinct in aim and higher in kind than theirs. But what troubled him was that art, broadly speaking, was dead; that there existed no school of art, no popular sense of beauty; that whereas, in certain periods of the world's history, workmen, acting under a tradition that was like instinct, made all things pleasant to look at, now, unless by a rare exception, they made them ugly, and public taste did not discriminate between good work and bad. His first purpose then (for in speaking of the firm one practically speaks of Morris) was to renew the right tradition and to make, as the French say, a school.

Up to a certain point it will be allowed that he has done this; yet Morris was in no way sanguine, but rather desperate in presence of the results. Revolving upon the problem why men at one time inevitably produced beauty, and now as inevitably produced ugliness, he reached the conclusions which made him a Socialist. Art, he held, is the expression of a man's joy in his labour; consequently in a world where labour is slavish and mechanical there can be no art. There are now, he said, two classes; the idle rich, who have no knowledge of work and therefore no feeling for art, which is like the flower upon work; and the poor, to whom labour is a grinding necessity, not to be connected with any pleasure. There is no space here to discuss the theory which I have thus broadly stated. It will easily be seen, however, that the germ of it lies in Mr. Ruskin's writings, with their revolutionary ethics. Mr. Ruskin has always been a prophet, the voice of one crying in the wilderness; Morris was above all a man of action, eager to do things. The best thing for him to do, having made up his mind that

society needed to be put on a new basis, seemed to be to join the Socialists; this he accordingly did and preached Socialism on numberless platforms from 1882 onwards. His own creed summed itself up not in terms of duty,—Morris did not talk much of duties—but in a single right. What he wanted for every man was the right to find pleasure in his work. It is at least not an ignoble aspiration; Morris's assertion that work is in itself pleasurable is far more reasonable than all the sentiment talked about the inherent dignity of labour and the native virtue of ploughboys. The ideal England which he pictures in *NEWS FROM NOWHERE* gets its road-mending done by gangs of volunteers who go out to compete against one another like rival crews on a river; and the haymaking season is a kind of public carnival. Such were his own theories and visions, but he recognised loyally enough that in the practical business of furthering Socialism he must accept a programme and subordinate personal views in a great measure to it. This he did for years, giving to fanciful economists the support of his name, and writing pamphlets which put their doctrines in an attractive form. Differences, however, arose; Socialists could not think that a man whose primary concern was about art could be a serious politician, not seeing that to Morris art was the expression of a people's welfare, and that on his view, the existence of a sound art proved general well-being. First came a schism in the Social Democratic Federation; then the *COMMONWEAL* newspaper was started as the organ of a separate party, being conducted and paid for by Morris. In November, 1887, he assisted at the demonstration which was broken up in Trafalgar Square, not without loss of life. That scene convinced him of the impotence of

masses before regular troops, and postponed in his eyes the possibility of a millennium. Yet in his imaginative forecast of the new order, it is by some such means that the change is begun. Unarmed masses assemble, they are fired upon, but the troops cannot be made to continue their work; and thus begins a sort of *Jacquerie*, or war between the classes, while the professional soldiery stand aloof. However, Socialists had other views of warlike methods and ideals, not those of Morris. Anarchism was preached in the *COMMONWEAL* and Morris could not assent to it, still less to the advocacy of dynamite. He withdrew, and was abused soundly in his own paper; but when the paper got into trouble he stood bail in a heavy sum for one of his bitterest assailants. He had done with politics, however, and was now happily free to devote his energy to other pursuits.

From 1868 onwards Morris had been a student of the Icelandic under the direction of Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon. His delight in tales first gratified itself among the stories of Greek legend or medieval romance, but the Scandinavian traditions exerted an increasing spell on his mind. Between the Hellenic and the Norse lays in *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* it would not be easy to decide; and if I prefer to either the long epic of *SIGURD THE VOLSUNG* that is mainly because the fourteen syllabled ballad metre which Morris employed in it needs less polish, less filing than the heroic couplet. But increasing study drew Morris more and more to the distinctively Icelandic prose saga. He began by translations, collaborating with Mr. Magnússon; but in his later years he launched out a similar venture to convey his own imaginings. In December, 1888, appeared *THE TALE OF THE HOUSE OF WOLFINGS*, where the story was given in

prose, interspersed with snatches of verse; the complete development of this manner came in *THE ROOTS OF MOUNTAINS*, from which verse entirely disappears as a means of narrative. Here you had a man in an age of steam and quick-firing guns filling his mind with pictures of battle fought with spear, sword, and arrow; setting himself to depict with the utmost vividness he could compass, with deliberate realism, life as it was lived in the dales of Iceland when the Huns were sweeping Europe waste and sent stray parties even thus far over seas. Still, that is what other artists, Mr. Kipling for instance, have done, though not with such elaboration, nor with so full knowledge. But Morris was not content with the remoteness of subject; he had to invent a style that might be almost contemporary with the events, so consciously archaic it was. There was not merely a struggle to adhere to Saxon words; he would avoid *plenty* and use *foison* just for the sake of the strangeness. In the effort to be unfamiliar he will even misuse words, talking of a man's *slot*, whereas the word is used in strictness of deer, and would no more have been applied when it was in common use to a man's track than to a cow's. Truth to say, this affectation is wearisome. But even in this jargon Morris was too good a story-teller not to get his picture, and his imaginative vision realises itself perhaps more clearly to the reader in this form than in any other; the picture of what happens certainly remains with surprising distinctness in the memory, even though it is a picture of unfamiliar folk in unfamiliar surroundings.

In his very latest days Morris devoted much attention to a reform of printing; he had a fount of type designed with elaborate care, and

produced for his masterpiece the Kelmscott Chaucer (so called after his own house on the Thames), a book issued at the price of £20, which is by no means agreeable to read. The margin is heavily ornamented, and text and margin run into one another with little bays and tongues of print or design, till the result is a beautiful, but by no means lucid, arrangement of black on the page. Other books, for instance a MAUD, can be read with comparative ease and acquired at relatively small prices. For my own part, I admire the excellence of type, paper, and binding, but would sooner lay out my money on almost any other article that Morris ever offered for sale. However, that is a matter of opinion, and those who paid their £20 for the Chaucer made from a mere commercial point of view a very good investment.

But an entire article would be needed to discuss adequately Morris's views on typography with all they involve. The necessity for a cheap production did not seem to him inevitable; and whatever he made was made to be kept. Another article might deal with the contradiction between his hostility to capital and his position as a capitalist. Here, however, nothing has been attempted beyond the most summary examina-

tion of the man and his many-sided work. He is a difficult person to make up one's mind about. On the whole I incline to think that of his literary work SIGURD THE VOLSUNG will stand highest, because in it he hit upon the most congenial form. Whether his poems will outlast his tapestries, to say nothing of his stained glass, is a hard question; but there is no doubt that his tapestries and cabinets will last a long time, and probably will be valued increasingly as marking an epoch. His theories, as I have tried to show, were purely personal in their application and must inevitably disappear. They are not even consistent, as in his twentieth century Utopia, NEWS FROM NOWHERE, art springs directly from the deliverance of mankind from oppression, whereas in THE DREAM OF JOHN BALL, a retrospective Utopia of the Wat Tyler period, the same universal presence of the artistic faculty is noted, coexisting with a state of serfdom. But for whatever of his achievements Morris proves to be best remembered, he will certainly not be forgotten; he will inevitably survive to the eyes of posterity as one who set his mark plain and unmistakable upon the age in which he lived, and adorned our times with a vivid and versatile faculty of creation.

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